POEMS,

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,

PARTLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

SAMUEL THOMSON.

O let me ſtill with ſimple nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the bleſſings that ſhe meant to give,
And calmly waſte my inoffenſive day!

LANGHORNE.

BELFAST:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, M,DCC,XCIII.

BODLEIAN
11 DEC 1946
LIBRARY

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF the Publication of the few following Eſſays requires any Apology, the Author is at a Loſs how to make it —If he has committed a Fault, he confeſſes it is a deliberate one.—He has no Excuſe to advance, and therefore, ſubmits himſelf entirely to the candid Indulgence of his Readers.

Little acquainted with thoſe who are commonly called the *Great*, he has not much to hope for from the Influence of Faſhion, or the temporary Advantages of a favourable Introduction; and being above the Reach of Envy or Malice, he has not much to fear from malignant Cenſure or faſtidious Criticiſm.

He would fondly hope, that an innocent Attempt to amuſe, will meet with Approbation.——And if it ſhall appear that his little Work obtain any Portion of Applauſe in the ſimple and rural Spheres where they originated, his Ambition will be gratified, and he will felicitate himſelf with the Reflection, that he has not altogether miſapplied the Hours that honeſt Induſtry grants for Recreation or Refreſhment.

As his Subſcribers are his only Patrons, he begs they may accept his beſt Thanks: To the different Gentlemen who exerted themſelves in his Favour, every acknowledgement of Gratitude is due and he ſhall long remember with Pleaſure their diſintereſted Friendſhip.

Carngranny, Nov. 1 1793.

DEDICATION.

TO you, ye Ruſtics of the preſent Age,
In life's *low vale*, I dedicate my page:
Sworn foe to Pride, and every ſelfiſh aim,
A *ſhepherd lad* —— he ſeeks no better name:
With hat in hand preſents his rural lays,
And begs your patronage and honeſt praiſe.

When ſair forfoghten at the weary *pleugh*,
Or at the *harrow*, faſht an' tir'd enough;
At e'en their ſangs may hap to gie ye ſport,
An' help to gar the *weary hour* ſeem ſhort.
If ye, peruſing, ay when ye're at leiſure,
Reap in the reading, e'en but ha'f the pleaſure,
That I, in writing by myſel', enjoy'd;
Or in the field, or by the *Ingle ſide*;
Ye'll far frae think, I ween, your minutes loſt,
But ſmiling read— deſpiſing care an' coſt.

DEDICATION.

Deſtructive *critics!* thrawart, gloomy kaes!
For Heaven's ſake—O! ſquint not o'er my lays!
No!—never, with ſuch *ſtuff*, your fingers file,
(For this plain reaſon)——'tis not worth your while.
For *you* I write not——'tis th' unletter'd ſwains,
My gay coevals, on our northern plains,
Whoſe humble *wiſhes* ne'er inclin'd to ſtray
Beyond their *hawthorn ſcenes*, and ruſſet gray.

TO

Mr. ROBERT BURNS,

THE CELEBRATED

AYRSHIRE POET,

The following ESSAYS are, with much Diffidence, humbly inſcribed, as a ſmall Teſtimony of the very high Eſtimation which is entertained of his BARDSHIP'S POETICAL TALENTS,

By his ſincere Admirer, and
Truly devoted,
Humble Servant,
SAMUEL THOMSON.

SUBSCRIBER's NAMES.

A.

ALEXANDER Alexander, Belfaſt
Rev. Thomas Alexander
John Armſtrong, jun. Ballymartin
Samuel Allen, Eſq.
John Alexander
Robert Anderſon, Carmoney

B.

John Byrne, Eſq. Liſburn
Rev. William Bryſon, Antrim
James Blow, Dunadry,
Thomas Beatty, do.
John Bruce, jun. Antrim
Henry Bell Bryſon
David Biggar
John Bradſhaw
William Boyd
John Bankhead
John A. Brown, Belfaſt
Samuel Beck, do.
James Boomer, do.
Daniel Burden, do.
Joſeph Barron, Roughfort
John Barnet, do.

William Bell, do.
John Black, Student, near Portglenone
Adam Boal, Donagor
George Beattie, near Roughfort
Mr. Barry, Glen-oak
Alexander Begs, Killead, 2 copies
Miſs Beattie, Courthill
Edward Byrne
John Henderſon Black, Woodford.
Alexander Bradford, Surgeon, Roughfort
John Brown
Mrs. Blair

C.

Robert Callwell, Belfaſt, 10 copies
Nathaniel Callwell, Dublin, 6 do.
James Callwell, do.
Elizabeth Callwell, Belfaſt
James Cooper, near Muckamore
John Campbell, Dunadry
John Craig, near Roughfort
William Caldwell, Brouſlee
Benjamin Carruth Trench
John Courtney, Templepatrick
John Campbel, Roughfort
James Courtney, Claughanduff
Robert Cowan, Roughfort
Patrick Conning, Carnlea
Samuel Carſon, Ballymarlough
Robert Crompton, Kildowny, 6 copies
Alexander Cranſton

Mr. Craig, Killead
John Cunningham
Stephenſon Campbell, Antrim
R Campbell, Crumlin
James Campbell, do. 2 copies
Henry Campbell, Killead
Charles Crymble, Eſq.
Andrew Cunningham
George Coburn
Adam Cunningham
Rev. Snowden Couples
Miſs Crymble

D.

John Dalrymple, Roughfort
Paul Douglaſs, Parkgate
James Donnell, Antrim
James Daviſon, do.
John Dickey, Crumlin
Mr. Daviſon, Crumlin-bridge
Doah Book-club
Doagh 2nd Book-club
Arthur Darley
Rev. Robert Dobbs
Patrick Dempſey, Killead

E.

George Evans, Belfaſt
Mr. Elliott, Crumlin
John Elliott, Belfaſt

F.

John Ferguſſon
Doctor John Forbes, Carnlea
Andrew Ferguſſon, Knockin
William Ferguſſon, near Derry
William Finlay, Ballymartin
William Forbis, Antrim
John Ferguſſon, Muckamore
Francis Ferguſſon, Dunagore
Samuel Finlay, Woodburn
Mr. Finlay, jun.

G.

James Galt, Belfaſt
James Grogan, do.
William Gilbert, Dublin, 6 copies
William Gibſon, Schoolmaſter, Doagh
Robert Gihon
Thomas Gelſton
Robert Grogan
John Graham
Mr. Gihon, Ballymena
Rev. J. Gibſon, Croſs-hill
William Gordon
James Grant, Belfaſt
John Graham, do.
Miſs Gunning

H.

John Hughes, Bookſeller, Belfaſt, 25 copies
J. Henderſon

John Hazlett
William Henderſon
Hugh Harper, Belfaſt
Francis Hay, do.
Mr. Hull, Belfaſt
James Holmes, jun. near Templepatrick
William Harper, do.
Robert Hyndman, Belfaſt
James Hood, do.
James Hyndman, ditto
Margaret Horſeman, Templepatrick
Adam Hamilton, Roughfort
Robert Hodgſon, Belfaſt

J.

Mary Johnſon, Rickamore
Miſs Johnſon, Iſlandbawn
William Jackſon

K.

A. Kennedy, Belfaſt
James Kiernan, do.
Thomas Kean, do.
Daniel Kirkpatrick, Roughfort
Robert Kemp, Lurgan
Charles Kennedy, Liſburn
George Knox, Belfaſt
Alexander Kennedy, do.
Henry Kelſo, Roughfort
Mr. Kirk.

L.

Æneas Lamont, Belfaſt,
Alexander Ledlie, Antrim, 2 copies
Captain William Loughridge, near Ballymena, 6 do
James Lamb, Belfaſt
John Lyle, ditto
Miſs Legg, Belfaſt
Max. Lepper, White-Abbey
James Loggan, Sea-caſh
Edward Lewis, Muckamore
John Lee
Mrs. Legg.

M.

William Magee, Belfaſt, 10 copies
Nathaniel Magee, Newbridge
James M'Neilly, Carngranny
John M'Neilly, jun. do.
Margaret M'Neilly, ſen. do.
James M'Vickar, Eſq. Templepatrick
Thomas Montgomery, Ballymarlough
Andrew M'Clean, Belfaſt.
George Martin, do.
Samuel M'Naghton do.
William M'Bride, Muckamore
Thomas M'Bride, do.
Alexander M'Dowel, Antrim
William Magee Templeton, Belfaſt
John M'Keever, Ballycaſtle
George M'Ilmeen
John M'Garagh, Belfaſt

James Mᶜ Pherſon, do.
James Mᶜ Kibbin, do.
William Malone, Whitehouſe
Samuel Mᶜ Comb, Belfaſt
Robert Montgomery
James Mᶜ Neilly Thomſon
James Mᶜ Cormick, Belfaſt
Arthur Meighan, Muckamore
Luke Mullan, Roughfort
James Marſhal, Carmoney
Joſeph Mᶜ Gaw, Ballivezie
Agneſs Mᶜ Millan, Trench
Robert Mᶜ Gowan, Londonderry
John Mᶜ Keage, Dunagore
Henry J. Mᶜ Cracken
Mr. Mᶜ Maſter, Crumlin Mills
Mr. Milford, Croſs-hill
P. Mᶜ Shane, Crumlin
Mr. Mᶜ Ervil, Kilmakevit
John Moore, jun. Killead
Jeſſe Mᶜ Murray, Belfaſt
Samuel Malcom, do.
R. Mᶜ Gowan
William Morriſon
Ann Moore
Mrs. Mᶜ Golpin
James Mᶜ Cormick, Belfaſt

N.

Thomas Neil, Boſton, in America, 12 copies
Miſs Neil, Templepatrick
Samuel Neilſon, Belfaſt

Jacob Nixon, do.
Joſeph Nevill, Lambeg
W. Neeſon, Crumlin
Thomas Nowlan
Captain Nugent, 38th Regiment

O,

Rev. Mr. Orr, Killead
Daniel O' Neill, Antrim
James Orr, jun. Ballycarry
William Oakman, Belfaſt
Louiſa O'Brien

P.

James Patterſon, Roughfort
John Patterſon, do.
Thomas Potts, Belfaſt
James Patterſon, do.
Reverend J, Price, Killead
James Pinkerton, Belfaſt
Thomas Parkinſon, do.
James Phillips
Jane Park

R.

William Robinſon, near Antrim
John Reſide, near Randalſtown
John Rabb, Belfaſt
John Robinſon, Hillſborough
Samuel Rea, jun. Liſle
Samuel Robb, do.
Joſeph Reford, Templepatrick

Samuel Ruffell, Belfaſt
Patt Robb, do.

S.

William Scott, near Dunadry
James Scott, Medical Student, Edinburgh
Captain Robert Swan
Hugh Swan
James Swan
Mr. Steen, Antrim, 2 copies
William Shaw
Daniel Shanahan, Belfaſt
William Simms, do.
Robert Stuart
Thomas Sinclaire, Eſq.
William Scott, Ballyrobin
Thomas Storey, Belfaſt
Henry M. Speer, do.
John Scott, do,
Rev. Mr. Sinclaire, Newtown-Ards
Robert Scott, Belfaſt
Adam Strichon, Antrim
Oliver Sloan, Belfaſt
Mr. Sargineer, do.
James Sanderſon, Doagh
David Spence, Belfaſt
Maurice Spotſwood, ditto

T.

Bartholemew Teeling, Lambeg
Francis Taggart, jun. Belfaſt

Hugh Taylor, do.
John Thomſon. do.
John Thomſon, Lyſle
Andrew Thomſon, do.
Miſs Thomſon, Carmoney
William Thompſon, Belfaſt
David Thoburn, Roughfort,
Joſeph Thoburn, Malluſk
Andrew Todd, Toddſtown,
John Todd, do.
John Tiſdale, Belfaſt, 2 copies
Colonel Trench, 38th Regiment

V.

Reverend Mr. Vance, Belfaſt.

W

John Williamſon, jun. Carngrany,
Samuel Wiley. Student, Craigs,
John Ward, Belfaſt,
James Wright, Antrim,
John Wirling, Belfaſt,
John Wilſon, do.
George Williamſon, Trench
Joſeph Williamſon, do.
James Watters, Dunagore,
Joſeph Wright, Eſq. Attorney,
Hugh Warrin, Bookſeller, Belfaſt
George Weir

Y.

Andrew Young, jun. Antrim
John Young, do.
Robert Young, Jun. do
Joseph Young, Lyle's hill
James Young, jun. do.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DAMON and Thyrſis, a Paſtoral -	1
Willy and Phœbe, a Paſtoral -	6
Colmal, an Eclogue - -	9
Sonnet to Sleep - - -	12
—— *to Love* - - -	*ibid.*
—— *My Bed* - - -	13
The Contented Shepherd - -	14
To an avaricious Relation -	17
The Invitation - - -	18
Sonnet - - -	19
Paſtoral Elegy to a Thorn - -	20
—— *Elegy on R. I.* -	23

CONTENTS.

The Simmer Fair	26
Sonnet	32
Ode to Poverty	33
Lizie's Lamentation for her Dog Lion	35
The Goldfinch	38
Song on Return of Spring	41
Sonnet	42
Elegy, to my Auld Shoen	43
Cottage in ruins	44
Bard's Farewell	47
On the Death of a Taylor	51
Ode to the Cuckow	52
Jamie's Drone	54
Sonnet	57
The Rivulet	58
Ode to the Lark	61
Country Dance	63
Sonnet	70
A Winter ſketch	71
Templepatrick's Addreſs to Lord T———n	73
The Fire-Side	76
Song——Love-lorn Suſan	79
To my Auld Coat	82
Sonnet	84
Epiſtle to Mr. R——t B——s	85
Song——Jenny at yon hedge o' broom	90
Epiſtle to L—— M——. A Brither Bard	93
To the ſame	98
Paſtoral on the Departure of Corydon	102

CONTENTS.

Sonnet to Night	106
The Unfortunate Fidler	107
Ode from Wealth	109
Sang——Young Jockey, &c.	111
Epigram	113
Epiſtle to Mr. R. Belfaſt	114
To the Same	118
Epitaph on A. B.	122
—— *on Sarah B.*	*ibid.*
—— *on a Pedlar*	123
—— *on a Gude fellow*	*ibid.*
—— *on Auld Joſie*	124
—— *on J. D.*	*ibid.*
—— *on an Ill-favoured Body*	125
Poetical Bloſſoms	
To the Roſe in June	129
To the Swallow on its Return	131
To the Swallow on its Departure	133
A Winter-piece	135
To the Robin Red-breaſt	137
A Scotch Fragment	139
Epitaph on Ferguſon	141
The Tears of May, an Ode	142
Addreſs to Erin	145
Sylvia, an Eclogue	147
The Emigrant, a Poem	155
Watty and Meg, a Tale	160
Ait-Meal, a Poem	169

CONTENTS.

Abſence, inſcribed to a Lady - 173
On Solitude - - - 176
The Diſtreſſed Villager - - 181
To an Eolian Harp - - - 183
Addreſs to the River Leven - - 185
The Yellow-haired Laſſie - - 186
Song of a Spirit - - 187

ERRATA.

Page 21, line 19, for Na *read* Nae—P. 22, l. 17, for e'c, *read* e'e—P. 58, l. 6, for Naid, *read* Naiad, —P. 70, l. 9, for Shepherd, *read* Shepherds—P. 95, l. 15, for as, *read* is—P. 115, l. 9, for Wall, *read*, wale—P. 146, l. 15, for lands, *read* bands—P. 158, l. 11, for ruſtleſs, *read* ruthleſs.

PASTORALS.

DAMON AND THYRSIS,

A PASTORAL.

As frigid *winter* had the fields forſook,
And grumbling northward far his paſſage took;
What time the bawmy *ſpring* began to ſhower
Her humid fragrance over lawn and bower:
When as the morning o'er the valley glow'd,
And all the beauties of the ſeaſon ſhow'd
In roſy health, and bloom of youthful pride,
Two ſmiling ſhepherds, on Liſle's verdant ſide,
The while their bleaters brouz'd the green along,
Thus pour'd, in artleſs guiſe, th'alternate ſong.

THYRSIS.

Now Phœbus mounting, glads the circling ſky,
And bright with dew the ſpreading meadows lie:

The tuneful larks, on ſtruggling pinions borne,
Pour exultations thro' the ſcenes of morn:
The early day's man to his labour bends,
While to the clouds his cottage ſmoak aſcends;
The woodland choirs reſume the vernal ſong,
And youthful ſhepherds to the mountains throng:
While aged Hobbinol puts out his cows,
And lonely drives them o'er the foggy knows;
To yonder height my Damon, let us go,
And count the beauties of the vale below.

DAMON.

The blackbird whiſtles 'mong yon diſtant trees:
How ſweet the hawthorn ſcents the early breeze!
The modeſt primroſe riſes in the vale,
And opening daiſies paint the ſunny dale;
What tuneleſs ſhepherd would refuſe to ſing
In praiſe of Nature and returning ſpring?

THYRSIS.

The *cuckow* coos unſeen in yonder hedge;
The ſwallow twitters from the cottage ridge
The mellow *mavis* ſings in yonder grove,
And all is harmony, and all is love.

DAMON.

Behold the ſun has chas'd the miſt away,
And gives his radiance to the ſmiling day:
The thoughtful bees forſake the ſhelter'd hive,
And o'er the fields in wanton circles drive;

Adown yon glen, where flows the bick'ring Burn,
In many a pleaſing and romantic turn,
The youngſter ſtrays, thro' hazle bowers in queſt
Of primroſe play-things, and the black-bird's neſt:
The rural maidens here and there are ſeen
To ſpread their linens on the graſſy green;
With vocal muſic all the groves reſound,
And univerſal beauty ſprings around.

THYRSIS.

In yonder cottage, where the hawthorns bloom,
Where hang the woodbine and the lovely broom:
In ſweet retirement there my love remains,
The peerleſs beauty of our northern plains:
As now ſhe o'er the *ſtile* and *garden* paſt,
A ſide-long-look this way to me ſhe caſt—
The joys of affluence let the rich man prove,
I'm happier far in ſweet Lavinia's love.

DAMON.

My Delia's beautiful, and kind as ſhe,
In her ſoft boſom, I'm as bleſt as thee:——
Her face is fairer than the face of May,
Where *loves* and *graces* thro' the flow'rets play.

THYRSIS.

I own thy Delia is exceeding fair,
But my Lavinia blooms beyond compare:
Her auburn locks in waving ringlets flow
Around her face, where love and beauty glow,

DAMON.

Laſt night I met my ſweet in yonder grove,
Where ſoft, unſeen we ſat and whiſper'd love;
Full long we talk'd and kiſs'd and kindly toy'd,
And every bliſs which lovers know enjoy'd.

THYRSIS.

Sweet over vernal vale and blooming heath,
The noon-tide gales of balmy Summer breathe!
Tho' ſweet the various ſcenes of ſummer be,
Lavinia's ſmiles are far more ſweet to me!

DAMON.

Full well I mind the dear, the happy place,
Where firſt I ſaw my Delia's lovely face——
The daiſy arbour, and the ſpreading tree,
Where firſt ſhe told me that ſhe fancied me.

THYRSIS.

Tho' ſmall my flock, I'm ever right content,
No herd more happy on the breezy bent:
I never wiſh beyond my humble ſphere,
My ſheep and my Lavinia's all my care.

DAMON.

The wormwood plant ſhall ſteal the bean's perfume,
And fragrant roſes on whin-buſhes bloom;
The foaming floods forget to ſeek the ſea,
My deareſt Delia when I'm falſe to thee.

THYRSIS.

Than light-heart lambs that ſcud the flow'ry lawn,
Than lays of lav'rocks at the early dawn,

Than thruſtle's muſic from the evening ſpray,
My ſweet Lavinia's many times more gay.——
How could I ſing of her the whole day long?
No other muſe ſhould e'er inſpire my ſong:
Her blooming image ſteals upon my ſight,
And fills my ſoul with rapture and delight.

DAMON.

So I with pleaſure, every day would ſing—
But hark, the village bell begins to ring;
Within an hour I'll meet my Thyrſis here,
Meantime I'll homeward to my breakfaſt cheer.

WILLY AND PHOEBE,
A PASTORAL.

THE dew fell gently o'er the nibbling flock,
And ſilent evening ſpread her ſable cloak,
Down cour'd the lark, that ſweetly pip'd ſae lang,
And dowie owls began the ſullen ſang:
The downward ſun had found the weſtern ſea,
And village ſpires bid farewell to day;
The broad-fac'd moon was juſt begun to edge
Her wat'ry aſpect chequer'd thro the hedge:
When Willy met his Phœbe in the grove,
And thus in artleſs ſtrain diſclos'd his love.

WILLY.

While duſky ſhades the flow'ry dales inveſt,
And evening Songſters hop away to reſt.
Here, far retir'd, my Phœbe, let us prove
The joys that flow from pure, from virtuous love.
Hark, how afar in yonder blooming vale,
Lone echo anſwers to the clam'rous *rail*:
While to the grateful ſenſe ſpontaneous borne
O'er many a vernal bank and field of corn,
On muſky pinion of the gentle gale,
The balmy fragrance of the golden vale.
Hark, how unſeen, in yonder alder mead,
The tuneful *Thyrſis* plays his oaten reed,

In fair Lavinia's praiſe he pours the lays,
Lavinia's kindneſs all his pains repays:
I, by my Phœbe's ſide, am happier far
Than gold-adorned birth-day monarch's are.

PHOEBE.

Ah! men well know to con deceitful ſongs,
And ſmooth with flatt'ry their alluring tongues:
Their ſubtle baits around, they careful lay,
Poor thoughtleſs, ſimple females to betray:
They'll ſmile and ſigh, and teaſe us for conſent,
But ſoon as e'er we are the fools to *grant*,
With the next fairer face they'll ſoon be ta'en,
And laughing, leave us to remorſe and pain;
But Phœbe's ſerious when in truth ſhe ſays
She takes not Willy to be one of theſe.

WILLY.

Ah! woe betide the ſhepherd that can feign
The ſtudied falſhood of diſſembled pain! ——
Ah! Phœbe, never wi ſic thoughts upbraid,
For while the ſwallow ſkims the dewy glade;
While ſooty black-birds ſeek the matted buſh,
And in the hazle pipes the mellow thruſh;
While bees delight their balmy food to glean
From flow'ring woodbine, and the fragrant bean,
While clam'rous rooks frequent the ſullen grove,
Believe me Phœbe, that I'll conſtant prove.

PHOEBE.

Now truſt me Willy, ſince you here impart
The artleſs language of an honeſt heart,
(Diſſimulation's altogether vain)
With you I'll be as unreſerv'd and plain.
My ſimple ſoul, that ever will be true
Was ty'd to your's, and long before you knew;
Full well I mind when but of tender age,
Your winning ways did ſoon my heart engage:
When on the green with innocence we play'd,
Or gather'd gowans in the ſummer ſhade,
Thy manners guileleſs ſtill delighted me,
And ſtill my fancy, Willy follow'd thee.

WILLY.

Now ſmile ye loves, ye rural graces throng,
And give new ardour to my ſimple ſong:
In golden hue, ye moon-light mountains glow:
In tunefull cadence, all ye fountains flow:
Ye homely vales your waving ſcenes extend,
And all the beauties of the ſeaſon blend;
Ye nodding minſtrels, on the dewy ſpray,
In Phœbe's praiſes raiſe the morning lay;
Let mavis' muſic and the cuckoo's ſong
In Phœbe's praiſes ſound the whole day long;
Away baſe wealth, with all thy yellow ſtore,
My Phœbe loves me—and I aſk no more.
Thus ſpoke the joyous youth—they kiſs'd and parted,
And ſev'rally thro' the ſhades, home happy hearted.

COLMAL, AN ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

THE Moon shone pale on the fading hills. The hunter had left the heath. The bleak blaſt of autumn whiſtled [illegible] the wat'ry ruſhes: when all alone, the fair-hair'd [illegible] ſought the lonely rock of the deſert. —The [illegible] torrent was heard 'mong the rocks on the diſtant hill! The low lands were ſtill, ſave where the cur of the cottage howl'd to the ſilent moon: when the maid of the gloomy ſoul thus pour'd her ſong of woe on the mountain breeze.—" * Once I had a love! His name was *Norval!* Fair was his face of beauty. His golden locks, like the tufts of autumn, flow'd on the wanton gale. His form was ſtately as the pine of the hills—like a lonely wanderer, my ſoul, enwrapp'd in miſty woe, returns to the ſunny vale of youth! Full well I know ye! kind retreats of peace, contentment's hazle bowers! woods, wilds and ſtreams, that ſhar'd my better days.—Methinks I hear the beautrous *Norval* whiſtling on the hill. Come fair-hair'd youth! thy own *Colmal* waits! and ſoon the ſmiling youth was there. Soft was his gentle tale of love, as the moſſy tufts of ſpring! pleaſing to mine ear, as the harmony of the vocal grove, or the ſongs of other years. But ſoon the dream is

* See Home's exquiſite Tragedy of Douglas.

departed! *Norval* is no more! no more to be heard, as he folds his flock, whiſtling on the hill, or ſinging down the vale of flowers. He ſleeps with his father, in the narrow houſe.

Night came down on our peaceful plains. The flocks lay ſcattered in their ſilent folds, when ſudden, *ſouthward* of theſe hills a nimble band of armed ruffians came, breaking folds, deſtroying flocks, and ſweeping all before them. Wak'd by the clamour of the bleaters, helpleſs, the frighted ſhepherds 'roſe, and to the field, but ſoon as e'er they ſaw the robbers' gloom and force ſuperior, they cautiouſly withdrew. *Norval* rous'd by th' increaſing ravage, from ſlumber ſtarted, alone encountered, and o'ercame the ruffians—kill'd ſome, purſued the reſt, and all the booty reſcued.

The ſons of Lochlin came to our coaſt. They came with the ſhouts of their gloomy tribes.—I, careleſs, ſung by the ruſhy ſtream—*Norval* lay, far retir'd, by the hermit's cave, at the rock of the hill. His ſoul high—ſwelling, burning for fame and glory, led him light bounding, to the ſtrife of ſpears! where, as 'tis ſaid, he ſtrangely fell!

Raiſe high my *Norval*'s tomb, ye maids of the vale of ſtrangers! Mourn, ye men of Morven! the mighty is fallen! the beauteous *Norval*'s low!—Farewel thou lovely beam! No more thy ſteps are ſtately on thy hill—no more we meet at the warriour's mound of

other years, nor ſing together in the mountain broom! —Raiſe high my *Norval*'s tomb, ye hinds of the narrow vale! cold and dark is the bed of that lovely form! —When ſhalt thou awake, with all thy ſmiles of beauty? Thy face was fair as the vernal brow of ſpring: kind was thy ſoul, as the gentle breeze of ſummer, when it ſalutes the nodding ruſhes and whiſtling reeds of the lake!

O *Norval!* long will I remember thee! oft for thee, the faireſt of all thy friends ſigh alone at the moſſy fount of the hill! oft for thee I pour my woeful dirge from the aged oaks of the mountain.—Teaching every hollow glen and echoing cave the dear-lov'd name of *Norval*

I'll ſigh away my dark-brown years!

SONNET to SLEEP.

THOU balmy power! to ſooth my ſoul,
Once more thy *Lethean* opiate bring:
Thy poppy ſlumbers round me fling,
And all my waking cares controul.

But if to dream! O power of dreams!
Unfold no wild, terrific ſcene:
Sweet vocal groves and vallies green,
With flow'ry hills and winding ſtreams.

And bright, the fancied bowers among,
My *Delia* ſhow, in ſmiles array'd—
Ah! bring me to the aerial maid,
And hold the *dear deluſion* long.
Thus would I ſleep, and dream and be,
My deareſt *Delia!* ſtill with thee.

SONNET to LOVE.

O Love! I dread thee! with thy thouſand ſtings,
Already thou haſt caught my youthful heart!
What's all thy joy, thy boaſted bliſs but ſmart,
That ſleepleſs nights and days of trouble brings!

If intervals of eaſe thy [illegible] allow,
'Tis but with fiercer fury to return:
This hour, methinks, I feel th' abated glow,
The next I'll with redoubled ardour burn.

If o'er the meads at eve I chance to range,
A wiſhful *agony* ſtill follows there—
When ſleep eſſays to ſtill my *throbbing care*,
Wild fancy mocks me with deluſions ſtrange!
Sleep, wake, or wander, when or where I will,
The *witching dear idea* haunts me ſtill.

SONNET.—MY BED.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

ALL ſolitary *here* each night I ſleep;
And *here* I often dream and ſigh;
Sometimes I wakeful muſing lie:
Sometimes I pray but oftener weep —

Happy is he! whoſe vacant boſom knows,
Of love or care, no ſoul tormenting *ſting*;
To him the *Bed* will ever bring
The bleſſings of repoſe.

To breathleſs Laura's lovely form,
My frantic ſoul, with ardour clings,
And trembling hopeleſs, hovering hings
O'er every ſoft enchanting charm.
Or here, or there, up or a bed,
My ſorrowing ſoul bewails her dead!

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD,

A PASTORAL.

" Contentment opes the ſource of every joy"
BEATTIE.

ON ſouth-ſide a beautiful brae,
Where daiſies luxuriantly ſprung,
A *ſhepherd* one clear ſunny day,
In praiſe of his country ſung.

Soft breezes careſt the gay green,
Where the lampkins went ſkipping along,
When inſpir'd by the raviſhing ſcene,
The ſhepherd thus opened his ſong.

" All hail! ye ſweet meadows and groves!
Ye rivers and fountains ſo clear!—
Thoſe hedges and ſhady Alcoves
To *Collin* ſhall ever be dear.

Let the ſpend-thrift (by vanity drove)
To far diſtant climates repair;
At home I can bliſsfully prove
Contentment unſullied with care.

In vain he abandons his home!
How worthleſs! how fooliſh the ſcheme!
Wherever he happens to roam,
His heart will be always the ſame.

Vexation ne'er troubles my breaſt;
No cares ever darken the ſcene—
Here ſoft on the daiſies I reſt,
Far diſtant from ſorrow and ſpleen.

Forbid it, O gracious Heaven!
That I for a periſhing wealth
Should e'er like an exile be driven
To abandon contentment and health!

Not all that the Indies can boaſt;
Not all the rich mines of Peru,
Could tempt me, O dear native coaſt!
To abandon ſweet freedom and you!

Stern fortune has narrowed my ſphere——
But Heaven has taught to reſign:
Although the grey ruſſet I wear,
The charms of ſweet Nature are mine.

Sweet are the wild flowers to the breeze,
And ſweet the blown roſe to the bee;
But ſweeter among the green trees,
The *cuckow*'s wild [illegible]

From theſe glens ah! I [illegible] ray,
Theſe groves and wild dingles ſo dear,
Where ruſtics, ſo pleaſant and gay,
Do gambol and ſing thro' the year.

For ſurely more beautiful plains,
With ſhepherds more honeſt and kind,
'Mong *terra*'s wide [illegible] domains,
I no where might poſſibly find."

Thus ſung the gay ſhepherd alone,
All nature appear'd to accord;
Not the honours attending a throne,
Could half the contentment afford.

Hence ſee all ye lordlings of *Arvà*,
How vainly expectant ye roſe!
If *happineſs* dwells upon earth,
It is with *contentment at home*.

TO

AN AVARICIOUS RELATION.

STERN, partial fortune gave to thee
Unjustly what belong'd to me;
Thy *heart* in spite of *wrong*.
Hath with the feeling *heart* from thee,
And kindly given the *fame* to me,
With all the sweets of song.

Thy abject soul, no pleasure gleans
From *wood* or *waterfall*:——
Inspiring *Nature's golden scenes*
To *thee* are lifeless all.
Tho' needful, unheedful,
With *health* and *rural ease*,
By mountains and fountains,
I pipe away my days.

THE

THE INVITATION.

'TIS Spring and the landſcape is cover'd with
flowers;
The groves in their beautiful mantles of green;
The ſongſters chirp charming among the gay
bowers,
Where the ravage of winter no more can be ſeen.

The cuckow harmonious from yon ſunny brae,
His two-note, love-muſic exultingly plies;
The mavis in extacy pours the ſweet lay,
And larks in wild concert aſcend to the ſkies.

Then come with me *Delia*, to yonder green hill,
Where the lambkins do wantonly frolic and play;
There ſeated ſublime you may ſee what you will,
And reliſh the vernal delights of the day.

Or rather to yonder ſweet valley we'll ſtray,
Where the haw thorns in blooming luxuriance throng;
There in innocent paſtime we'll wear out the day—
Come lend me thy hand and I'll lead thee along.

For all the delights that the ſcene can impart
Where mirth, love, and muſic ſpontaneous agree,
Can ne'er find the way to my fooliſh, fond heart,
If thou, my dear *Delia* be abſent from me.

SONNET.

WHERE buxome Flora pranks the level lees,
And blooming *whins* their golden tints diſcloſe,
I loud with piteous plaints and weary woes,
The ruſhy ſinions of the trembling breeze.

Thro' flow'ry borders rove the buſy bees;
The ſchool-boy ſaunters o'er the meadow green;
'Mong ſunny *craigs* the ſhepherd lad unſeen
Enjoys the balmy gale and rural eaſe.

The cuckow ſings among the vernal trees;
The mellow mavis in the haw-thorn vale;
The riv'let tuneful, tinkles thro' the dale,
But nought in nature can my fancy pleaſe.

Obſcure in ſolitude I ceaſeleſs mourn,
And long for ſcenes that never will return.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL ELEGY,

To a FAVOURITE THORN,

ON ITS BEING CUT DOWN.

RETURN my muſe, and with thee bring
The dowy ſtrains o' forrowing!
Alack! and well-a-day!
My thorn that erſt ſae freſh and green,
Upon yon bank to nod was ſeen,
Now ligs among the clay.

Aſſiſt me woody minſtrels a',
In dowie wiſe your whiſtles bla'
Ye herds acroſs the lea:
Come ſing in mournful ſtrains forlorn,
This *buſh*, this much lamented *thorn*,
That was ſae dear to me!

To yonder corner turn your e'en,
Then ſigh and ſob an' mourn bedeen,
And pray that on his head
A ten-fold vengeance hourly fa',
And harpies fell his riggin cla',
That did the ruthleſs deed!

Full twenty annual *ſuits* I've ſeen
Upon thy ſprays, o' gayeſt green,
With blo[illegible] white as ſnaw;
Whar busy b[illegible] could daily come,
And eager cling wi'h drowſy hum,
To drain thy ſweets awa.

The robin red-breaſt, (ſerious ay)
Wi's ſtrains o' mournfu' melody,
A top a neighbouring tree,
Does dowie chaunt thy obſequies,
Whilſt diſappointed zephyr ſighs
Alang the ſorrowing lee.

Here fairy tribes, bedight in green,
Beneath the moon wad aft convene,
To gambol, ſport and dance:
Whilſt ither ſome, on ragweed naigs,
Out o'er the yellow braes, an' craigs
Would nimbly wheeling prance.

Na mair the *cuckow* frae thy ſpray,
Wi'h ſoftening note at early day,
Shall woo the weſtern gale—
Nae mair the *thruſh*, wi' monie a note,
Shall ſtrain her downy, tuneful throat,
Nor linnet's lay preval.

Nae mair ſhall I at e'enin's hour,
Glad hie me to thy peaceful bower,
A *muſing hour* to paſs;

To liſt the muſic o' the wood
And watch the playfu' lambies feed
Alang the velvet graſs.

When wint'ry Boreas ſnelly blaws
Out o'er the fields the drift an' ſnaws,
An' nature's face deforms;
Nae mair thy gratefu' breaſt will yield
To chittering tribes a frien'ly bield,
A' Shelter frae the ſtorms.

At e'en, when wan'ring frae my cot,
With heavy heart I view the *ſpot*—
The ance ah! pleaſing ſhade;
Where I full oft, in graſs-lined chair,
To ſmooth the wrinkl'd brow o' care,
My *rural muſic* play'd.

Whilſt I, as heretofore can ſee
A glimmering blink wi' reaſon's e'e,
Remembrance ilka morn,
With dowie muſe will careſu' trace,
An dolefu' hing o'er yonder place
Where ſtood the ſacred *thorn*.

ELEGY

ELEGY on R——I———.

COME a' ye younkers o'er the dale,
Let grief a while your mirth aſſail;
Death wi' a ſmite o' his lang flail
Has reach'd his head,
An' gien us a' cauſe to bewail
R——I——dead.

Our Norland laſſes may look wae,
And glowr about wi' aſpect blae:
Poor Rab, that erſt was heard to play
Wi' lively ſcreed,
Is ruthleſs flung to worms a prey,
Amang the dead!

He was nae man o' meikle lear—
O' countra lore he had his ſhare,
Wi' deep diſputes he didna care
Ava to meddle:
In ſhort he kent but little mair
Than play the fiddle.

Some ſaid he cou'dna play'd a reel
As true as monie anither chiel;
I thought his muſic did as weel,
For a' their blethers,
T' inſpire a countra fellow's heel,
As onie ither's.

Wi' A——n monie a day he jinket,
An' monie a penny frae him clinket;
He'd fixt his ſpecks, an' gravely winkit,
An' ſpung the caſh!
But never ran awa to drink it,
Like him, fool haſh!

He was nae drinker, ne'ertheleſs
He dearly lo'ed a ſocial glaſs;
But if he chanced to tranſgreſs
And bounds o'er ſhoot,
It chang'd the fidler to the aſs,
That lang-ear'd brute.

Ah R——n! aft thy chearing fiddle
Has made the wee anes twine and widdle,
An' youthfu' ſpunkies ſkip and ſtriddle,
In barns at e'en,
Wi' maidens jimp about the middle;
Baith blithe an' keen.

Myſel' I've aften been right vogie
To hear thee ſkirl up Bally bogie;
Tho' ſome loons ca'd thee ſelfiſh rogue ay,
An' catch the money,
Thou kept thy ain auld ſleepy, jog ay
Nor minded ony.——

A lie like clatter ance gaed roun',
That Rab, when tempted wi' a crown,
To pleaſe, O fye! a graceleſs loon,
Ae Sunday night,
Sat down and play'd tune after tune
Till clear day-light.

Now pithleſs lies that artfu' arm
That taught the nice extended thairm,
Wi' muſic's ſilver, magic charm
To thrill the ear;
The youthfu', tuneſu' heart is warm
An' age to cheer.

He's dead an' bury'd! ——let him lie,
And if miſconduct ye do ſpy,
Ah! fling it in oblivion by,
Ye cantin' core!
He has an awfu' judge on high
To come before!

THE SIMMER FAIR.

I.

ON auld Hibernia's northern ſide,
Whar corn and barley grow,
Whar pebbly, winding ſtreamlets glide
An' oxen graze and lowe;
Laigh in a vale there hauds a fair,
As monie folks do ken,
Whar lads an' laſſes ay repair
The Simmer day to ſpend
In ſport and glee.

II.

T' inſpire the bardie at this time,
Apollo be't thy care,
That he in Norland, meaſured rhyme,
May ſing the *Simmer-fair*;
Whar monie folks together hie,
Baith married anes an' ſingle,
Auld age and youth, wife, man an' boy
A' hobbling intermingle
In crowds this day.

III.

Here grey-clad farmers, gaſh an' grave
Drive in their fleekit *hawkeys*;
With monie a ſlee, auld-farrant knave,
To ſell their heftit *brockeys*;

An' Jockey louns, ſae gleg an' gare
Wi' boot be-deckit legs,
To glow'r an' drink, cheat, lie an' ſwear
An' ſell their glofſy naigs
Come here this day.

IV.

Here countra' chiels, dock'd aff compleat,
Weel ſheath'd in Sunday claes,
Sae trimly as they pace the ſtreet,
In ſhoen as black as ſlaes; ——
The laſſes fain, come ſtringing in
Frae a' parts o' the country,
Ilk ane as feat's a new made prin—
Ye'd tak them a' for gentry,
Sae fine this day!

V.

Here chapmen chiels unlock their packs,
An' roun' diſplay their toys;
Intent an' keen to wile the placks
Frae ſilly jades an boys;
Ah! bonie young things have a care!
Nor let their coaxin' traſh
E'er claim your notice i' the fair,
Or twin you an' your caſh,
But ſcant this day.

VI.

Here cantin varlets, thrawn an' croſs,
Wi' ballad ſingers ſcarle:
There blackguard boys at pitch-an-toſs,
Gar baw-bees nimbly birle;
Baith ginge bread wives and tinkler jades,
Stern W——s o' monie a texture,
With fo'k o' a' kinds, callings, trades,
O! Heavens! what a mixture
Comes here the day!

VII.

But hark! a *wabſter* on the brig,
Some how diſpleas'd a *ſuttor*,
Wha taks him in the wame a dig,
An ca's him 'creeſhy bluttor:'
Quoth he, to've been ſae won'rous quick,
'Ye neededna a faſh'd man;
'By that great Power that made Auld-Nick,
'I'ſe hae ye bravely thraſh'd man,
This vera day!

VIII.

Peace! (quoth the ſuttor) 'creeſhy brock,
'Or by my precious ſaul!
'Your poor, inſipid, worthleſs bouk,
'ſhall in yon gutter ſpraul!
'Is he on earth d' ye think wad bear
'Sic ſtroke—provoking faſh?
'Then ſirrah, ceaſe! let's hear nae mair!
'Or Saul I'll bravely ſmaſh
'Your pate this day!'

IX.

Wi' that he raught him ſic a rout
Out o'er the dizzy crown,
As made thereat the claret ſpout,
And laid the callan down:
A ploughman then, raught out a fiſt,
Wi' wrathfu' choakin grapple,
And ſeiz'd the ſuttor ere he wiſt
Juſt by the hairy thrapple—
Held him that day.

X.

Some hauds, an ſome as toughly draws,
While cowardly dogs they craiked;
An' monie a ane, for ithers' cauſe,
Gets bouk an' banes weel paiked:—
But then had ye been there, an' ſeen
How creature handled creature,
Ye might a ſteekit baith your e'en,
An' pitied human nature
In ſic a plight.

XI.

But ſoon the day's departing blink
Gilds mountain, grove an' ſpire;
Ilk lad tips his ain laſs the *wink*
Syne outhy a retire
Into the ale-houſe, warm an' ſnug,
To court and quaff the brandy,
Whar kiſſes braid, frae lug to lug,
Gang ſmack! like ſugar-candy
Sae ſweet the night.

XII.

Now brandy punch, o' drink the wale,
Skinks roun' in jugs and glaſſes;
The thoughtfu' ſwankies dinna fail
To help the baſhfu' laſſes;
The jargon wild, frae Jockey's tongues
Vociferous, endleſs roars;
While ſocial chiels wi' cracks and ſangs
Beguile the wanton hours,
O'er ſhort the night.

XXIII.

Here *Lina* ſits, wi' pride thrawn front,
A bonie laſs but ſaucy,
Wha, ere ſhe wad a leman want,
Taks *Jock* and' cares na wha ſee:
There *Rabin* oxters up his *Jean*,
That's now as grey's a rat,
Wi' runkled brows and hollow ein,
An' whiſkers like a cat,
Sae lang that night.

XIV.

Much yet remains unſung, I ſwear,
Right monie odd relations,
Deſcriptions that wad tire your ear,
And far out-reach your patience:
For ſuch a group as here was ſeen
To grace the D— r's parlour,
Ye might, with weary ſteps I ween,
Sought a' the crazy warl o'er
Frae ſide to ſide!

XV.

But weel I wat they toom'd the horn,
Till cocks began to crow—
Quoth ſome 'we'll catch a pour o' ſcorn,
'except we haſte awa:
'Our dads will gloom, and look right ſour
'That we're no ſooner hame,
'Our Minnies flyte, an' girn an' glower
'An' ferlie an' exclaim
On us this day.'

XVI.

Sae a' weel pleas'd, wi ae conſent,
They drowſy hamewards ſteer:
Some tak the road, and ſome the bent,
Ilk laſſie wi' her dear:
But ſome I wat, at nine months end,
Wi hopeleſs dole, an' care,
When geer's a wrang, that winna mend,
Will min' the Simmer Fair,
An' curſe that day.

SONNET.

WHEN I am laid within my ſilent grave,
No more to buſtle with this buſy throng,
Ah! ſay will calumny then hold her tongue,
And let my humble name but quiet have?

Alas! is't not enough! ye cut-throats fell!
To tear my name, whilſt here my name I wear?
But you muſt follow to my lowly cell,
And baſely pour your lies, and malice there.

Poor things! I pity you, avaunt! begone!
Why thus aſſaſſinate, and cowardly kill
The inoffenſive *character* of one
Who never wiſh'd, leſs did you any ill.

Where truth and innocence for me ſmile,
Lies and their makers I alike deſpiſe.

ODE to POVERTY.

I.

To thee pale power of aſpect dire!
With trembling hand, the tear-wet lyre
I tune to ſtrains of woe!
Thou meagre Queen! thy influence lend;
Henceforth I'll court thee as my friend:
No longer as my foe!
I'm now reſolv'd, no more I fear
Thy ragged, ruthleſs form!
Thy pale attendants in the rear,
No more my ſoul alarm.

II.

I ſaw thee paſs the ſtately dome
And ſlowly down the valley come
Accompanied by care:
Where fate aſſigned my lot obſcure,
You ſoon found out my cottage door,
And ſternly entered there.
My friends that whilom were ſo kind,
Only retain the name:
My lowly roof with cobwebs lin'd
Can boaſt no joys for them.

III.

Grim Power! to ward thee off, I long
In prayer, ſincere, devoutly ſtrong,
The ruling Fates addreſt;
Still callous to a *wretch's prayer!*
The cruel, partial powers ſevere,
Gave all to thee at laſt.
The hand that form'd yon ſun to ſhine,
Feels fit to hold me low:
To anſwer ſome unſeen deſign,
That ſuits me not to know.

IV.

I ſee my fellows daily brought,
With thoughtleſs eaſe and health unſought,
To baſk in Fortune's ray;
Whilſt I with black *misfortune* fell,
And thee, lean thing, am doom'd to dwell
Thro' life's dim hopeleſs day.
But ſoon the adverſe gales are o'er——
Soon ſet the fleeting day:
With lateſt breath, I'll bleſs the hour
That wraps me in the clay.

ELEGY.

HIZIE's LAMENT FOR HER DOG LION.

DEAR nibor Cummers, welcome here!
In ſorrow ten times doubly dear!
Let each a ſympathizing tear
Let fa' bedeen,
For ſic a breach this threty year,
We hae na ſeen.

It's no the loſs o' cawf or cow,
Compells me thus to thraw my mou,
Nor loſs o' neareſt friends I trow,
Cou'd thus confound me;
Mirk clouds o' woe my dog for you,
Thick, thick ſurround me!

Ye're now a cauld an' ſtiffen'd corſe,
That was the herd o' ky an' horſe:
An eke the ſafeguard o' my purſe,
Which now I fear!
Some knave wi' unrelenting force
Will frae me tear!

I'll ne'er forget while breath I draw,
That ſolemn night! ye mind it a'
That my auld father ſlipt awa,
I hope to bliſs;
The loſs indeed was unco ſma,
Compar'd to this!——

As 'mang my ſtacks I ſtood incog,
I ſaw the wicked, graceleſs rogue
Wi haſty ſteps come o'er the bog,
Curſe on the black!
*A ſudden death he gi'ed my dog,
Juſt in a crack!

Ah Lion! wale o' gloſſy tykes!
Nae mair ye'll ſpang the ſhoughs an' dykes;
Nae mair ye'll hap out o'er the ſykes,
Wi tail erect:
Nor ever mair the beggar hykes
Gaur ſtan aback.

Thou, like myſel', a hatred bore,
To a' that louſy cantin' core:
Thou drove the miſcreant's frae my door,
Juſt to my wiſh;
Whilk for the ſame till rinnin' o'er
I'd fill'd thy diſh.

* He was ſhot.

But now ilk ane withouten fear
May to my door-ſtep venture near,
An' o'er the floor an' grate mine ear
Wi gallin mane,
Since him wha kept my ha' ſae clear,
Is dead and gane!

Nae mair on you ſhall R——n cry on,
To urge the lazy ſtirks, an ky on:
Nor pauky weans again be tryin'
Wi' bread to win ye:
My G—d! my dog! my all! my Lion!
My heart was in ye!

While ſome wiſh'd this, and ſome wiſh'd that
Some ſigh'd, ſome pray'd, while ithers grat;
Auld grauny i' the peet-neuk ſat
Wi' venom white——
Wi' meikle dole, ſhe hoſtin ſpat
Her wrath and ſpite.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Who knows what a DAY or an HOUR may bring forth?

AT a ſhopkeeper's window was hung,
To gratify wanton deſire,
A *goldfinch*, who ſorrowful ſung,
Impriſon'd in *baſtile* of wire.

Sweet nature had garniſh'd the grove;
Their throats the wild choriſters ſtrain'd,
Inſpir'd by dear *Freedom* and *Love*,
While thus the ſweet minſtrel complain'd.

Ah day! how unpleaſant to ſee!
Thy *light* and thy *heat* I deteſt!
Black night is more pleaſing to me,
For alas! I am robb'd of my reſt.

The meads are enamell'd with flowers;
The thorns in their milk-white array;
Soft breezes ſalute the green bowers,
And all things are charming and gay.

My fellows I daily may ſee
At diſtance the branches among:
Where careleſs, with freedom and glee,
They warble the innocent ſong:

Whilſt I, a poor heart broken ſlave,
Am o'erwhelm'd with a hopeleſs diſtreſs:
Ah FREEDOM! how painful to have
In view, when we cannot poſſeſs.

I once was as chearful and gay—
As gladſomely hail'd the ſweet ſpring:
And oft at the dawn of the day
Have I made yonder vallies to ring.

And oft to yon hazel reſort
At noon would I gladly repair,
Among the ſweet buſhes to ſport,
Devoid of all ſorrow and care.

No more the gay vallies by me
Shall ever be taught to reſound,
Nor fleet as the winds, and as free,
Shall I in the woodlands be found.

Here hopeleſs, to finiſh my days,
In piteous durance I'm pent:
Diſpair on my intellect preys;
Each hour brings me new diſcontent."

Thus mournful the goldfinch complain'd;
The muſe overheard the ſad tale—
By ſympathy ſadly conſtrain'd,
Deep ſighs did her feelings reveal.

When quickly by fortunate chance,
The *cage* to the pavement was flung,
Which open'd a paſſage at once,
So away to the woodlands ſhe ſprung!

In amazement the ſongſters ſuſpend,
For a moment the raviſhing ſong,
To gaze on their beautiful friend,
A ſtranger to freedom ſo long.

Each with fond admiration draws nigh
His congratulations to pay;—
Then, inſpir'd by freedom and joy,
Reſumes the harmonious lay.

So wiſhing ſweet freedom to all
Who are ſlaves and who freedom deſire,
And praying for tyrant's downfall;
The MUSE does reſpectful retire.

SONG,

On the RETURN of SPRING.

AGAIN ſweet nature o'er the ſod
Flings her daiſied mantle gay;
Whilſt around in wanton mood,
Light-foot loves and graces play.

Hark! the early ſhepherds ſing
Rural ditties to the morn;
Whilſt the breath of roſy ſpring,
Gently chears the dew-wet thorn.

Up the merry *laverock* ſprings!
O'er the graſs the lambie ſcuds;
Whilſt the *mavis* ſweetly ſings,
Flaunting thro' unnumber'd buds.

But what can nature's ſweets impart?
Flow'ry mead or vernal grove,
Since the maid that ſtole my heart,
Beauteous *Delia* ſlights my love?

SONNET.

As lone I wander thro' the ſullen grove,
Or penſive ſit on yonder mountain brow,
Romantic viſions, crowding on my view,
Recall the days of innocence and love.

Where are ye now my gay coeval boys,
With whom I then ſo innocently play'd,
Along the fields or in the green-wood ſhade:
Who gladly ſhar'd my little hopes and joys?

When o'er the meads in devious maze we drove,
The wanton butterfly from flower to flower,
Or ſought the wild bird's neſt in thorny bower,
Or on the green at nimble paſtime ſtrove.

Ah! dear companions of my early morn,
Theſe ſcenes are vaniſh'd—never to return.

ELEGY, TO MY AULD SHOEN.

ADIEU my pumps, your days are done;
Ah wae is me, your race is run!
Now to the mools, my worthy ſhoen,
I'm forc'd to ſend ye!
The cobler has declar'd ye gone—
He canna' mend ye!

Tho' yet I ſhall be laith to ſcorn ye,
O'er monie a moſs and moor ye've born me,
An' monie a lang an' dreary journey
Baith late, an' ſoon,
Thro' days an' nights cauld, wat an' ſtormy,
But now ye're done.

I'll ſay't, great pains I took alway,
To gie ye baith alike fair play:
I chang'd ye duly ilka day
I put ye on;
But now, gude faith I'm e'en right wae,
To ſee ye done.

Three quarters now are near han' paſt,
Sin that night ye cam aff the laſt;
Ye never gat an hour's reſt,
Save whan I ſlept:
Mair honeſt ſtuff was never dreſt,
O' cawf or kip.

Nae mair my ſocial hours ye'll dree;
Nae mair ye'll ſcour the daiſied lee;
Nae mair to dance ye'll carry me,
Nor ever mair
Thoſe happieſt of my minutes ſee
Beſide my fair.

But why ſhou'd I at fate repine?
'Tis juſt the ſame wi a' man kin':
Then let us a' to heaven reſign;
For, like our ſhoen,
From lifes meridian we decline
Until we're done.

ELEGY.

THE COTTAGE IN RUINS.

THIS lonely cot, that lately rear'd its head,
The pride of cottages upon the plain,
Is by the trampling, all deſtroying tread
Of many years, brought nigh the ground again.

Conſign'd to deſolation's dreary ſway,
By the all ſubduing, tyrant hand of time:
Here let the muſe in lowly guiſe eſſay
To paint its ruins in a piteous rhyme.

Behold, all ragged, crumbling to the ground,
The roofleſs, joyleſs, weather-beaten walls!
Where the humble gueſt a ready ſhelter found
Now " * with each rainy blaſt decaying falls."

And ſee the lonely, bleak, forſaken hearth,
Where bleezing fire has oft repell'd the froſt:
Where oft in harmleſs humble joyous mirth
The *rural circle* many an hour has loſt,

Hard by this *hallan* in his humble chair,
Releas'd from labors of the weary field,
Far, far remov'd from city's din and care,
The toilworn tenant often found a bield.

Here careful matron, all the live long day,
Has ply'd the wheel with ever eydent hand,
While ſportive younglings, innocently gay,
Friſk'd o'er the green, an ever mirthful band.

Thrice happy ſtate! unknown to ſcepter'd kings,
A blifs, which wealth, or power but ſeldom knows,
Content unſullied, as the cryſtal ſprings
Whoſe limpid water thro' the landſcape flows.

In yonder corner of the well-known room,
Once ſtood the humbly neat, convenient bed:
How chang'd! into a ſolitary gloom!
To ſauntering ſheep a cold and roofleſs ſhed.

* Ramſay.

Remembrance calls up many a pleaſing ſcene
Of *days* and *merry nights*, long gone and paſt;
Now all extinct! as if they ne'er had been—
Both *ſpence* and *kitchen* gloom a chearleſs waſte.

Behold where once the uſeful garden ſmil'd,
With every needful *root* and wholeſome green,
Ah! dire contraſt! become a ſhapeleſs wild,
Where nought that's pleaſing can at all be ſeen.

All in the ſhade of yonder buſhy *briar*,
Emerging quick, the cryſtal fountain ſprung,
Where unmoleſted, in their paſſage clear,
The limpid waters thro' the pebbles ſung.

The once ſweet margin deck'd with daiſies gay,
By wandering cattle now all trodden down:
"† Half choak'd the waters work their weedy way,"
Where filthy frogs in multitudes abound.

Withdraw my muſe, nor longer here deplore,
In penſive wiſe alone, the cottage loſt:
A very few revolving ſeaſons more,
Will lay us all among our kindred duſt.

Then let us here our precious hours employ
In true religion's graceful pleaſing way;
That as our diſſolution draweth nigh,
Our hopes may ſtrengthen as our frames decay.

† Goldſmith.

ELEGY.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL!

But '*Freedom*' gives the word; and lo, he braves
The ſurge and tempeſt, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away!

BEATTIE.

I.

FAREWELL! my dear, my much-lov'd native land!
For other ſcenes on a far diſtant ſhore,
Where kind Columbian vallies wide expand,
I now will dare the boiſt'rous ocean's roar!

II.

Accept dear iſle! this laſt, my farewell ſong—
Full oft your lowly glens have heard my lay:
But now oppreſſion, with her cruel thong,
Relentleſs drives me from my home away!

III.

Farewell! thou dear, thou kind *paternal place*,
Where I, an infant, firſt beheld the light!
Within whoſe doubly grateful, warm embrace,
I ſhelter'd joyous many a happy night.

IV.

Adieu, ye oft frequented groves and hills!
Ye fertile fields, and flow'ry meadows gay!
Ye rivers ample, and ye wand'ring rills,
That lonely tuneful thro' your pebbles play!

V.

How oft, at noon, on yonder dazied lea,
Would I, delighted, count the sunny hours,
Lift'ning attentive to the busy bee,
Humming amusive, thro' the wanton flowers!

VI.

No more the swains shall mark me musing stray,
These homely braes and *vernal haunts* among;
No more at dewy morn, or evening grey,
Contented listen to my artless song.

VII.

Alas! my country! by insulting power,
It stings my soul to see you brought so low!
While ****** and ********** your *all* devour,
* your children—*dare not* tell each other so!!!

VIII.

Adown your streets, erewhile the paths of peace,
The noxious *gales* of despotism rise!
Inflaming ignorance, in many a place,
To suppress knowledge, and *insult* the *wise!*

* In allusion to a late bill brought into parliament, too well known to need any description here.

IX.

Ye *free-born ſouls!* who *feel*,—and feel *aright*,
Come, croſs with me, the wide, Atlantic main:
With Heaven's aid, we'll to the land of light,
And leave *thoſe ravagers* th' unpeopl'd plain!

X.

There, far—extending, boundleſs proſpects lie—
Sweet *peace* and *liberty* await us there;
Then why, my friends! my dear companions, why
Remain in voluntary fetters here?

XI.

Ye yellow braes, and winding vallies low,
(From which, I *one day* † thought I'd never ſtray)
And few remaining friends, that cannot go,
Shall have my prayer, when I am far away.

XII.

When fell corruption quits the field to *right*,
And vile '*Aſcendency*' foregoes its aim:
When lawleſs power and diſcord take their flight
To ſhades infernal, whence at firſt they came.

XIII.

What time Induſtry's gay rural train,
With roſy face unaw'd, their taſks reſume,
And unmoleſted, o'er your jocund plain
Extend the labors of the buſy loom.

† See the contented Shepherd.

XIV.

When wreath'd in *Shamrock* o'er your mountains green,
Majeſtic *liberty* is ſeen to ſmile:
When *peace* and *joy* inſpire each village ſcene,
And ſongs of freedom chear my native Iſle.—

XV.

Then, and then only, if the Fates agree,
Will I return to Erin's dear-lov'd ſhore:
Then glorious FREEDOM! will I ſing of thee
'Mong native ſhades—*nor wander any more.*

On the Death of a TAYLOR.

NOW Heck's awa, the king o' leers,
Wha aft by wicked taunts an' jeers,
Has ſet together by the ears,
Douce fok at ſtrife,
Grim Death has clipt wi' his gleg ſheers,
The *thread* o' life!

Death wha the nimbleſt ay has catch'd,
An' hitherto the ſtrong o'ermatch'd,
Wi' a *double thread* his fate has ſtitch'd,
'Tis preſs'd an' grippit,
The mortal ſure wad ſeem bewitch'd,
Wad try to rip it.

Whan he the tyrant comin' ſaw,
He gied his hips the farewell cla'
Then ſhrugging up a diſmal thra'
Wi' chaps ajar:
His nimble ſpirit ſprings awa',
"It maks na whar."

O D E.

To the CUCKOW.

TO thee gentle fav'rite of ſong,
Exulting! I gratefully ſing;
Who now the wild bowers among,
So ſoftly enlivens the ſpring.

Young beauty once more on the woods,
Unfolds her gay mantle of green;
By halcyon breezes the floods
Are huſh'd to a pleaſing ſerene.

Their wild pipes, the thruſhes and larks,
With varied ſoft melody ſound:
And blithe o'er the daiſy deck'd parks
The lambkins do pleaſantly bound.

His courſe by the hedge, bank, and bower
The wild bee does wantonly wing,
A culling from every young flower
The balmy delights of the ſpring.

All Nature from mountain to plain,
Conſenting rejoices with me,
And gladly accords to the ſtrain
Of ſinging a *welcome* to thee.

Thrice welcome ſweet ſtranger thou art
Our groves and green *braes* to enjoy,
And ſtill thy wild ſong to impart;
Thy melody never will cloy.

Oft from yonder old zephyr-blown thorn
Delighted I'll liſten thy lay,
As ſoftly thou ſing'ſt to the morn,
Or the peaceful departure of day.

But ſoon to ſome other kind ſhore
Thy courſe thou'lt unerringly wing;
And leave us as dull as before—
Thou fly'ſt with the beauties of ſpring.

JAMIE's DRONE.

ATTENTION lend, ye rural train,
Whilſt I endeavour to rehearſe
The praiſes o' a piper ſwain,
In jingling hame-ſpun, knotty verſe.

Nae mair ye bards exulting cra'
'Bout Orpheus, and Eolian harps,
This chiel can eaſy ding them a'
At either charming flats or ſharps.

His melting ſounds, his heavenly airs,
Wou'd meliorate a heart of ſtone:
'Twould make a prieſt forego his prayers:
The inchanting lilt o' Jamie's drone.

Then why to Italy ye gents?
'Tis barefac'd like, and e'en a ſhame
'Mang beardleſs loons to waſte our rents,
When better muſic's had at hame.

Gude faith ſic tours might weel be ſpar'd,
Their ſilly ſprings—'tis eaſy known,
Are anti-melody compar'd
To the dainty dint o' Jamie's drone.

M'Laughlin * now may ſpare his brags
An' that he's cow'd may frankly own:
M'Donnel† too, may ſlit his bags,
An' bing fou-la to Jamie's drone.

Auld I——n ‡ ſleepy, ſlavering coof,
May ever after now ſing dumb,
Nor ever mair for weel creeſh'd loof
And drink to fairs and markets come.

M'C———b § too wi' tawny buff,
May gae to bed and tak his nap;
Or i' the peet-neuk lie an ſnuff,
But never mair erect his tap.

Had umqu'hile Spence ‖ a liſtner been,
Tho' weel he knew baith ſtap an tone,
He'd own'd himſel' ſair dung I ween,
By the lilt o' modern Jamie's drone.

In ſhort, ye Fidlers, Pipers a',
Or Highland bred or Iriſh fellows,
Maun never dare to cheep or bla'
But break your bows an' burn your bellows.

* A well known Scotch Fidler.

† An eminent Highland Piper.

‡ A drowſy Fidler, well known in the neighbourhood of T———e-P———k.

§ Another ſnuff-conſuming Muſician of K——d.

‖ An Iriſh Piper of the laſt century.

To deck this charming minſtrels brow,
This Britiſh Pan* o' modern days,
Gae ruſtics haſte and quickly pou
A never-fading wreath o' bays.

And let it gracefully be plait,
As weel he may the ſamen claim;
And ſyne we'll hae the Callan yet
Enliſted wi' the ſons o' Fame.

For a' the minſtrels far an' near,
If ſet in caſe were join'd in one,
Cou'd ne'er pretend I vow and ſwear,
To the airy ſcreed o' Jamies's drone.

* The Heroe of the Poem was an Engliſhman.

SONNET.

AGAIN meek twilight o'er the woodland throws
Her downy mantle thin of ſober grey
Obſequious ſongſters ſing *farewell* to day.
And lull the landſcape to profound repoſe.

The thoughtleſs ſwain, who care nor ſorrow knows,
Untroubled proves the ſweets of balmy reſt:
Whilſt I with heart-corroding care oppreſt,
Pour on the nightly gale my weary woes!

The nightly gale, that ſad and ſullen blows
The lonely glades and wat'ry waſtes along—
The ſtreamlet ſings, as from the hill it flows,
A drowſy burden to my ſorry ſong!

While clouds of anguiſh thro' my boſom roll,
Diſpair hangs louring o'er my ſorrowing ſoul.

ODE.

THE RIVULET.

" Flow gentle ſtream! nor let the vain
" Thy ſmall unſullied ſtores diſdain;
" Nor let the penſive *Bard* repine
" Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine."

SHENSTONE.

HAIL Silver ſtream! whoſe waters pure
Thro' ages long have roll'd away;
That from their rocky ſource obſcure,
Thro' many a landſcape ſeek the ſea.

Ariſe! and o'er my ſtrain preſide,
Sweet Naid! from thy wat'ry cave
O make it ſmoothly, murmuring glide;
Soft as the cadence of thy wave.

Here far-remote, unknown in ſong,
Thy undulating waters flow,
Reflecting, as they work along,
The flowers that on thy margin grow.

When buxom *Summer* trims the ſcene,
And muſic glads the blooming bowers,
Here oft, upon thy margin green,
I waſte my ſolitary hours.

Here oft' upon the downy graſs,
With careleſs eaſe my limbs I lay,
And ſees thy conſtant current paſs,
And th'inſects on thy boſom play.

When over-went or preſs'd with care,
Or threatn'd with the frown of grief,
I to thy well-known ſide repair,
Thy ſoothing cadence brings relief.

Here *Fairies* on thy dewy banks,
Their moon-light revels often keep,
Till morn invade their wanton pranks,
Then thro' the day in bloſſoms ſleep.

Thro' many a *wild* thy current roves,—
By many a mead and flow'ry brae,
Where mirthful maidens ſing their loves,
As careful they their linens lay.

Full many a ſhrub and blooming buſh
O'er hing thy winding banks along,
Where many a wood-lark wild and thruſh,
Do ſweetly chaunt the various ſong.

And as to yonder *hazel vale*
Thy willing waters gently move,
The *cuckow* ſends on every gale,
Adown thy ſtream his notes of love.

And yonder far among the reeds,
The careful wild-duck rears her brood,
Where hungry cranes ſtalk thro' the weeds,
At night and morn in queſt of food.

Flow on, ſweet ſtream! thy murmurs greet
With rapture ſoft, my penſive ear;
May thy wild waves for ages fleet
From towns afar, in paſſage clear.

ODE

ODE.

To the LARK.

Wi' merry heart I'll ſing to thee
Sprightlieſt of the plumy thrang!
Poet o' the daiſied lee,
Accept the tribute o' my ſang.

Now winter ſnell wi' ſna' an' rain,
Reluctant 'gins to diſappear,
Whilſt thou exultant o'er the plain,
Awak'ſt to life the down-caſt year.

With dew-wet breaſt at early day,
High-aſcending to the ſkies,
Glad to pour th' alternate lay,
And bid the early ſhepherd riſe.

Whilſt the cloſe *inwoven* neſt,
Adown the brae whar daiſies ſpring,
Is by thy *female fellow* preſt,
Melodious thou art heard to ſing.

Tho' the blackbird whiſtles clear,
And the linnet wildly gay
Thou ſweet bird! haſt nae compeer—
Still unrivall'd is thy lay.

Oft at morn the rural muſe,
Carefu' thoughts being a' exil'd,
  Bruſhing blythe thro' early dews,
Drinks ſweet inſpiration wild.

  O! then ſweet lark! thy charming ſong
Pours Elyſium o'er the ſenſe,
  Verſe comes eaſy—thick and throng
The looſe impatient ideas dance!

  Ne'er to bloody hawks a prey,
Sweeteſt ſongſter! may ye fa',
  Ever ſafe by night and day,
Thro' Simmer's ſhine an' winter's ſna.'

  Thus I've ſung in lowly ſtrain,
Gratefully, ſweet bird! to thee,
  Wha joyous lea's the graſſy plain,
And daily ſings ſae ſweet to me.

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

O! ye douce fok, that live by rule,
Grave, tideleſs-blooded, calm an' cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O! fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are juſt a ſtanding pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

BURNS.

I.

COME muſe, wha aft in merry tift,
Has ventur'd on the lyre;
Wha aft frae laverocks in the lift,
Has ſnatch'd *poetic fire:*
Come ye wha ſnug in hawthorn ſhade,
Sworn foe to ſpleen an' care,
Enraptur'd e'ed the corny glade,
An' ſung the SIMMER FAIR
Ance on a day.

II.

But Simmer fairs an' wabſter louns *
Maun a' be laid aſide:
Or baſted ribs an' broken crowns
Will aiblins us betide——

* The author was threatn'd within an inch of his life, for introducing the weavers of T—p—k, into the SIMMER FAIR.

We'll drap the ſilly theme at ance,
The merry maids an' ſwains,
For ſinging quaint o' Habbie's dance,
Will thank us for our pains,
An' ſtroak our head.

III.

Aurora fair had quat the plain,
And harrowers lous'd their naigs,
And ſeeds-men ſet, their ſupper taen,
To ſmoak an' reſt their legs:
Whan lads an' laſſes blythe an' kin',
To Habbies wad repair,
A few ſhort hours to eaſe their min'
O warl'y moil an' care,
An' dance that night.

IV.

To ſee them ſcourin' doun the dykes,
In *ſhauls* an' *aprons* glancin,
An' here an' there the cottage tykes
Ay yelping at a chance ane:
An' ithers rantin' o'er the braes,
Their hearts as light as cork-wood,
An' whiſtling ſome o'er bogs an leas,
Ye'd true the ſok were ſtark-wood
On ſic a' night.

V.

There at Hab's yard the *rural group*,
In merry mood convene,
Whar ſome are at hap-ſtep-an'-loup
While ithers put the ſtane:
But ſoon the fiddle's dainty dint,
Recalls the *halewar* in,
Whar pauky R—— wi' double ſquint,
Invites them to begin
The ſport this night.

VI.

Come muſe, we'll o'er to Habbie's hie,
The e'ening's calm an' fair
At hame what need we ſnoaring lie—
An ſican *paſtime* there:
We'll aiblins meet wi' L—— an' J——
That dainty, *ſocial pair*,
And get wi' them a dance an' crack,
Weel worth our gangin' there
This bonie night.

VII.

Here ſome are come to crack an' joke,
An' toy amang the laſſes;
An' ſome to blether ſpit an' ſmoak,
An' bray like highland aſſes.

An' ſome to tauk o' ky an' corn,
Potatoes, ſheep an' horſes,
An' ſome as thrawn wi' ſpleen an' ſcorn
As they'd been fed on curſes
Since their firſt day.

VIII.

Now o'er the floor in wanton pairs,
They foot it to the fiddle;
The maidens muſter a' their airs
The young men ſkip an' ſtriddle.
Ah! ſimple young things, ay beware
O' lurking INCLINATION!
The clergy ſay, whan hobblin' there,
Ye're wabblin' temptation
To ane anither.—

IX.

At *countra' dances*, jigs an' reels,
Alternately they ranted;
Lads nimbly ply'd their ruſtic heels,
An' maidens pegh'd an' panted—
Here *Rabin* lap wi' buxom *Jean*,
An *Liza* wi' her *Johney*,
While *Willy* in the neuk unſeen,
Kiſs'd *Meg* as ſweet as honey
To her that night.

X.

Kings may roll in ſtate, an' Lords
Enjoy their ill-got treaſures;
Compar'd to this their wealth affords
But ſuperficial pleaſures.
Such happineſs with pomp an' pride,
Is ſeldom ever ſeen,
As here with rural ſwains abide,
In countra' barns at e'en,
On ſic an night.

XI.

O Burns! had I but half thy ſkill—
Thy bonie, ſilken ſtile,
Deſcription here ſhou'd flow at will,
In numbers ſmooth as oil:—
But here I'll aſk my reader's leave,
To make a ſhort digreſſion,
It aiblins may in future prieve
To ſome a warnin' leſſon
Anither night.

XII.

Behind a noeſt o' drawn ſtrae,
I'the end o' Habbie's ſtack-yard:
Poor ſimple Maggy a' night lay
Wi' Dick, that ſquintin' black-guard;

Fair maidens oft may *ſport* an' *dance*,
Their min's but little harm in,
But ah! the dolefu' conſequence,
Three quarters did determine
To Maggy ſtrang.

XIII.

Poor Meg! the ſcoff o' ilka chiel,
Forgrutten pale an' ſhabby,
Now ca's about her lonely wheel
An' rocks aſleep her babby!
Frae her, ye maids a leſſon glean,
An' truſt yourſels wi' no man,
'Bout *ſtrae* or *bourtray neuks alane*
At dancings i'the gloamin,
For fear o' ſkaith.

XIV.

Its weel wat I, the lee-lang night,
They neither faſh'd nor tired;
A gayer groupe, 'tis true ye might,
But neededna deſired.——
Here, far remov'd from city's ſtrife,
Gay health an' young content,
With pleaſure gilds the ſhepherd's life,
While worldlings hearts are rent
Wi' care an' fear.

XV.

Now roſy morn frae th' eaſtern ſteeps,
The ſhades o' night gan tirl,
An' larks began wi' tunefu' cheeps,
Their morning ſprings to ſkirl:
The laſſes a' grown brave an' tame,
Alang the dewy fields,
With kilted coaties hie them hame,
Eſcorted by the chiels,
In monie a pair.

XVI.

Thus ilka ane for hame o'erhies,
Some near, an' ſome a mile-hence:
Whilſt meagre R——b. wi' heavy eyes,
Gies o'er the Barn to ſilence.
Ill ſatisfy'd—in's *craving purſe*,
The *Cappers* up he clinks!
The haf' o't's *raps*——he gies a curſe!
Then girnin', grumbling! ſlinks
O'er next the Miltoun.

SONNET.

The REQUEST.

WHEN Death has ſtill'd this weary care-worn breaſt,
And every due to matron Nature paid:
On yonder hill, Ah! let my tomb be made;
For there alone I long have wiſh'd to reſt.

There let the ſky-lark annual make her neſt,
And ſweet at morning's dawn and evening's cloſe,
Obſequious ſing my aſhes to repoſe;
Where no rude hands nor feather'd foes moleſt.

There hap'ly as the ſhepherd ſaunter by,
They'll pauſe attentive, with a fond regard;
Marking the manſion of the breathleſs bard,
They'll humbly talk, and leave the honeſt ſigh.

Let Fame's ſhrill echo pleaſe the proud and vain:
My name ſhall live among the ſhepherd train.

ODE.

A WINTER SKETCH.

Mute are the plains, the ſhepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forſaken, and the *lonely* flock,
Whilſt echo liſtening to the tempeſt's roar,
In ſilence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

FERGUSON.

AGAIN grim *winter*, hoary grey,
Aſcends his icy car,
Hoarſe, bellowing, from his brazen throat,
The direful din of war.

Mute now the merry minſtrels ſit
Upon the leafleſs ſpray;
Whilſt ravens hoarſe ill-boding croak
Gives horror to the day.

Thro' naked trees loud howls they blaſt,
And thick deſcend the ſnows:
The thin-clad ruſtic blows his thumbs,
And ſhivers as he goes.

Slow thro' the air, from frozen lake,
At evening flies the crane:
The ſudden wood-cock wheels aſcance
Adown the ſnowy lane.

The wandering flocks neglected ſtray
Around the joyleſs hills:
The furious drift reels o'er the plain,
And choaks the lonely rills.

The *ſhepherd*, from his tufted cot,
Surveys the cold-rife moor:
Content, amid the deſert wild—
On winter ſhuts his door.

Let ſnows deſcend and tempeſt's rage
Around my cottage roll;
The roughest form old nature wears,
Delights my penſive ſoul.

TEMPLEPATRICK's ADDRESS

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

MY L——D T————n.

I.

YE'RE welcome hame my honour'd youth,
May health an peace attend ye;
And Fortune ever kind an' couth,
Frae every ill defend ye:
Frae wiſdoms law, and ſeraph truth,
By which as yet ye ſtand ay,
May nae deceitfu' wanton mouth
Preſumptive, dare to bend ye
I humbly pray.

II.

This while I've been in *ſober* vein,
Diſtraction maiſt had ſmoor'd me;
But your gay preſence back again
Has to myſel' reſtor'd me.
Therefore the beſt my wa's contain,

Shall come upon your board ay;
And faith o' nibour touns there's nane
That better can afford ay,
On onie day.

III.

'Tis true, to vie wi' London toun,
Gude kens I'm no ſae ſaucy,
Yet here ye may walk up and doun,
Whan Simmer drys my cauſway:
My Sires wi' liart, uncover'd croun
Will gladly meet and bleſs ye;
My daughter's fair, in ruſſet goun,
Wi' *courtſies* will careſs ye
As ye gae by,

IV.

O! wad ye henceforth ſtay at hame
Content wi' your ain ha',
Nor ever mair impair your frame.
By roavin' far awa:
Then I'd exult in great acclaim—
Wad cock my creſt an cra!
And norland bards on trump o' fame,
Your praiſes loud wad bla',
Frae bank to brae.

V.

Heaven ſend, and ſoon ſome lady blyth,
Deſervin' to your boſom,
And may your mutual flame ycyth
And in ſweet bairnies bloſſom:

May grey-beard Time wi' ſweeping ſcythe,
An' death wi' aſpect awſom
Gae ſome whar elſe an' levy tythe,
An ſpare the happy twaſome
Right monie a day.

VI.

L——d lend ye langeſt life, and ſenſe
To fill your honour'd ſtation;
And may ye drive corruption hence,
Wi' fraud an' diſſipation:
Inſpir'd by your chearing glance,
I'll yet turn out in faſhion,
An be as trig a toun perchance,
As onie in the nation
Some future day.

ODE.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

I ſwear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be advanc'd to glittering greatneſs,
And wear a golden ſorrow!

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE wicked, waſting idlers roam
Impatient o'er the world wide;
With ſweet content I live at home,
And ſing about my Fire-ſide.

At morn I drive my little flock
Where daiſies ſpring and ſtreamlets glide;
Reclin'd all on ſome flow'ry rock,
I ſing about my Fire-ſide.

And blythe when Phœbus quits the plain,
To bathe him in the ocean tide,
I fold my pretty flock again,
And hurry to my Fire ſide.

Where buxom Beſs with kindly care
My wholeſome ſupper does provide:
The beechan diſh and hazel chair
Await me by the Fire-ſide.

I envy not the ſons of wealth;
I laugh at riches pomp and pride:
Give me but peace and roſy health,
My freedom and my Fire-ſide.

And now and then, a mantling glaſs,
Which chearfully I can divide
With ruſtic neighbour, lad and laſs,
Around my humble Fire-ſide.—

That Shepherds blyth may drink the health
Of Collin and his rural bride:
Compar'd to this all India's wealth,
Is nothing to my Fire-ſide.

When winter nips the vernal ſcene,
And drift and ſnow the meadows hide,
At eve the ſwains do here convene
To laugh around my Fire-ſide.

Oft ſhivering at the rich man's door,
The nighted pilgrim is deny'd;
But hap'ly finds my ſhed obſcure,
And lodges by my Fire-ſide.

O thou! that hear'ſt the ſhepherd's prayer,
Be ſtill their patron, guard, and guide!
O! teach them humbly to revere
And ſerve thee by their Fire-ſide.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL SONG.

LOVE-LORN SUSAN.

THE Sun had gilt the groves with yellow;
The falling dew had damp'd the flowers,
And quick as thought the wanton ſwallow
Was ſporting thro' the twilight bowers.

Softly pip'd the evening ſongſters,
The linnet, red-breaſt, and the throſtle;
And o'er the dale the ruſtic youngſters
All here and there did ſweetly whiſtle.

When Suſie fair with grief o'er-laden,
Lone wander'd o'er the gowany meadows;
And thus complaining went the maiden—
Alas! how few can love as ſhe does!

"Once I could hear the ſmall birds chanting,
And lightly ſtroll the green-wood thorough;
And view the meads in Nature's painting,
With heart enſtrang'd from grief and ſorrow.

But now theſe golden dreams are ended——
O! had he lov'd but half as I did!
Or e'en but half as he pretended,
Then we ſhould ne'er have been divided.

Oft' ſmiling lovely has he led me
By theſe gay milk-white hawthorn hedges,
Of May's wild flowers gay garlands made me,—
I kindly kiſs'd him for his wages.

Oft thro' the grove at noon we'd wander,
Or hap'ly ſit by yonder fountain;
Or by the river's gay Meander;
Or hand in hand trip o'er the mountain.

Encircl'd in his ſoft embraces,
Have I the fleeting hours waſted:
And rapt'rous viewed that firſt of faces,
And kindeſt balmy kiſſes taſted.

Sweet blow the gales from birken bowers!
Sweet ſmells the thorn with early dews on!
And ſweet the roſe the queen of flowers!
But ſweeter Jockey's breath to Sufan.

Ne'er more theſe arms ſhall round infold him,
My ſoul's delight, my darling bloſſom!
Ye powers! why did I e'er behold him?
Why did I find, ſo ſoon to loſe him?

Farewell ye gay mirth-haunted places!
Your youthful gambols have no joys in;
Forbear ye ſwains!—your cold addreſſes
Are to my ſoul the rankeſt poiſon!

Ye flow'ry hills abandon gladneſs!
Weep ev'ry fount, and gentle river!
Ye waving groves come ſigh your ſadneſs,
For lovely Jockey's gone forever!

My pleaſant days on earth are over!
Ye maids come braid the willow garland!
A melancholly care-worn lover,
Thro' life I'll wander for my darling!

Adieu contentment, joy and pleaſure!
No comfort I can taſte without him:
Dead or alive my only treaſure!
My careful thoughts are all about him.

ELEGY.

To my AUL'D COAT.

NOW fare you weel my honeſt frien'!
This monie a long ſpun day ye h' been
To my *outſide* a ſonſy ſcreen
Frae weet and cauld;
An' monie a *ſocial hour* I h' ſeen
Aneath your ſauld.

Ye war ance a colour freſh an' fair,
An ſhap'd in *faſhion* to a hair;
But now ye're auld an' grown thread-bare
Frae ſleeve to ſkirt;
Alack! it wrings my boſom ſair,
That we maun part.

Wi' you exulting monie a time,
High up a ſtride on thought ſublime,
I h' trac'd the flow'ry fiel's o' rhyme,
Aneath Apollo;
An' made t' the winds my ditties chyme
O'er height an' hollow!

Let the ungratefu' thoughtleſs loon,
Gae proſtitute his *coat* when done,
To office vile, o' cleaning ſhoen,
Or what's far waur;
Hing't up ſome barley rig aboon,
The craws to ſcaur!

Unlike to him, I'll lay ye by,
In ſome lee corner, ſnug an' dry,
Whaur ye may reſt, while duly I
Shall turn an' air ye;
For 'till the dreary day I die
I'll ay revere ye.

SONNET.

HOW bleſt the *lot* of yonder thoughtleſs ſwain,
That tends his flock beſouth the thorny brae;
Smiling ſerene he pipes his hours away,
Unknown to anguiſh, envy, care and pain.

How curs'd the *lot* of yonder toiling train!
That ſwell the tumult of the city mart:
Tho' gold adorn how abject is the heart,
Whoſe every *wiſh* is mean deſign and gain!

Nature to ſuch unfolds her ſweets in vain;
In vain the ſongſters warble thro' the grove;
How doubly vain to heroic deeds and love,
The enraptur'd poet pours the wild, ſweet ſtrain.

Ye ruling powers that rear'd me here obſcure,
Continue the *ſongful ſoul* and keep me poor.

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. R****T B***S.

SWEET Scottiſh Bard! ſtill as I read
Thy bonie, quaint, harmonious lays,
I aft exulting bleſs thy head,
That weel deſerves to wear the *bays*.

"'Tis long indeed ſince Scotia's plain
Cou'd boaſt of ſuch melodious laye—"
'Twou'd take, O Burns! an able pen
To match thy merit and due praiſe.

Tho' Allan Ramſay blythly ranted,
An' tun'd his reed wi' merry glee;
Yet faith that *ſomething* ay he wanted,
That makes my Burns ſae dear to me.

Poſſeſt of ſic uncommon ſkill,
Horatian fire at command;
Thou, eaſy can'ſt teach *Dogs* at will,
What's human life at ance to ſcan!

An' whan got in a merry vein,
Thou tun'ſt thy reed to *auld Scotch drink:*
I've aften lang'd, an' lang'd again
To ſee my Burns's *ſocial wink.*

L—d man, I aften think on you!
Whan to the kirk our ſaints forgather!
A hypocritic, ſenſeleſs crew!
It puts ane mad to hear ſic blether!

Likewiſe the *Æſculapian rout,*
Vile ſinners! faith thou has na ſpar'd them:
I wiſh this fourſcore years a' out,
Baith you an' I may diſregard them.

Your bonie lines on *Halloween,*
I aften read whan I m-at leiſure;
The weel depicted, countra' ſcene
Affords to me, the greateſt pleaſure.

HOMER * I've read, an' VIRGIL too,
With HORACE, MILTON, YOUNG and GAY,
Auld SPENCER, POPE and DRYDEN thro',
Sweet THOMSON, SHENSTONE, GOLDSMITH, GRAY.

I've aften read their pages a'
An' monie mair o' deep ingine:
But frae a' the verſes e'er I ſaw,
Your *Cotter* fairly taks the ſhine.

* Tranſlations only.

Your *Dream* and *Viſion* mak me fiſtle:
Right monie a time I'm made to laugh
At the comic turn o' ilk *epiſtle*,
Likewiſe your *eccleſiaſtic cawf*.

And wha the devil wadna praiſe ye,
That has impartial, read ilk *ſonnet*,
That ye hae ſung to *mouſe* an' *daiſy*,
An' *louſe* upon my *lady's bonnet!*

An whan ye bid *farewell* to *Ayr*,
Your wonted vales an' verdant hills,
An' to your *brethren* o' the *ſquare*,
With warmeſt throws my boſom fills.

Than greening wiſe mair lang I think,
To get my e'en for ance upon ye,
To ſee ye ſmile an' laugh an' drink
Wi' you in antient Caledonia.

The road is lang an' unco driegh,
And roaring ſeas do intervene;
And cauld-rife mountains, wild an' hiegh,
Erect their joyleſs brows atween.

But yet that *hour* may come to paſs,
That in ſome thrang perchance I'll ſee ye,
An' haply treat ye to a glaſs,
An' likely grow familiar wi' ye.

Farewell ſweet bard! may Heavenly powers,
Frae a' that's ill for ay deffend ye;
Health, joy an' peace be ever yours;
And happineſs for ay attend ye.

And when your ſpirit quits her clay,
May angels be her *dear convoy*
To regions of eternal day——
To fountains of eternal joy.

POSTSCRIPT,

WITH A POUND OF SNUFF.

TAKE not, my dear Sir, my preſent amiſs,
You may open at once and ſee what it is:
Or I'll tell you in ſhort tho' I merit a cuff,
'Tis a pound of the beſt of *old Lundy Foot*'s ſnuff;
'Tis B——d they call it, I'm told in the city,
'Mong people of faſhion that fain wou'd be witty;
But here in the north, we call it *Rappee*:
D—l ſniffle the odds! there's a pound o't to thee.

I ſent for't to Dublin, an' miſt it—at laſt
I heard that I might have a *pound* in Belfaſt:
I aſk'd for a *ſample* before that he weigh'd it,
The old fellow ſwore by the L—d he cou'd eat it!
I try'd it ſo raſh,—ſet my opticks a ſpringing;
It ſtichel'd me ſo that I ſtraight fell a ſinging—
Here take it, an' uſe it, an G—d gie ye gude o't,
An' may it inſpire your Muſe, if it cou'd do't,
In bonie *braid Scotch* to ſing me a ſonnet,
On receipt of which, I would dance on my bonnet:
I'd rather I vow, than a ton o' ſic *priming*,
That I had your *muſical talents* for rhyming!
In the mean time gude night, an' may Providence
bleſs ye,———
Ye'd no be ill-ſair'd if as weel as I wiſs ye.

Carngranny, near BELFAST,
18th *April*, 1792.

SONG.

JENNY at yon hedge o' broom,
For Jockey waited lang;
The ſoughin' blaſt blew o'er her head
While thus the maiden ſang.
'Thou broom that form'd the dear lov'd ſhade,
Where firſt he vow'd his love;
Say what will come o' me poor maid,
If Jockey faithleſs prove?'
CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

What hauds my bonie Jockey ſae?
He promis'd he wad come,
And meet his only Jenny here,
Amang the blooming broom.
The ſun's now ſet an' cauld an' ſtiff
The unwelcome gale does bla',
An' black, alang the dewy fiel's,
The nightly ſhaddows fa'.
CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

There's ſomething ails my bonie lad,
Or he wad ſure been here:
He never us'd to tarry ſae;
There's ſomething wrang I fear!

Cauld an' wat the night will bla',
The tempeſt rock the grove:
When I am forc'd within to ſtay
An' diſappoint my love.
CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

Sweet the May-day zephyr bla's
Alang the flow'ry lee!
But ſweeter far than ſpring's ſoft gales,
Is Jockey's breath to me!
Sweet the bloom of ſummer's roſe
Upon her thorny tree!
But ſweeter far in ſmiles array'd
Is Jockey's face to me!
CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

The locks of autumn, waving o'er,
Delight the careful hind;
But raptures far ſurpaſſing ſuch,
I with my ſhepherd find.
Tho' rural ſwains on vernal braes,
Pipe ſoft, ſweet, artleſs airs;
There's ſomething in my Jockey's ſang,
That far ſurpaſſes theirs.
CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

And tho' each ſhepherd's ruddy face
Engaging ſaftneſs wears:
There's ſomething in my Jockey's look,
That far ſurpaſſes theirs.

Then haſte thee bonie ſhepherd! haſte,
Thy Jenny waits alane:
Ah! Jockey can'ſt thou laugh an' ſing,
An' let her wait in vain!

CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

Ah ſilly maid the hollow gale,
Wild whiſtling thro' the broom,
Bears to thy ear th' unwelcome tale,
That Jockey canna come.
Thou broom that form'd the dear-lov'd ſhade
Where firſt he vow'd his love;
Say what will come o' me poor maid?
If Jockey faithleſs prove.

CHORUS—Thou broom &c.——

EPISTLE

To L—— M——,

A Brother Bard.

I.

WHILE yellow Autumn hies apace,
An' ripening fields' and blighted braes
Confeſs the waining year:
To you my frien', in Burns's way,
I thus ſooth up a roundelay,
My drooping ſpirits to chear.
Ah me! dear L——, the ſeaſon's fled—
The flow'ry months o' joy;
The tuneleſs wood an' raviſh'd mead
Proclaim the winter nigh.
Come ſee now, with me now,
How *Flora* quits the lees;
Whilſt *Boreas* before us
Is ſtripping all the trees.

II.

But what need I in tears complain,
Or grief beſet, in lowly ſtrain,
Thus pour my plaint of woe:
When 'tis the fate of all on earth,—
When 'tis for this we have our birth,
On *terra* here below.
All fleſh is like the graſſy veſt
That haps the Simmer brae,
When winter cauld the plains arreſt,
It withers ſtraight away.
The youngeſt, the ſtrongeſt,
Return alas! they muſt,
With oldeſt an' boldeſt,
At all events to duſt.

III.

What boots it here to graſp at *rules?*
Even all the knowledge of the ſchools
Is but a poor reſource!
For ay the mair that ye're inclin'd,
To read this *volume* o' mankin',
Ye'll like it ſtill the worſe.
Aroun' the warl, look an' ſtare,
An' tell me if ye can,
Where I may find in truth ſincere.
Ten ſocial, honeſt men;
But maſk all, each raſcal,
Deceiving an deceiv'd:
I true Sir! I vow Sir!
There's few to be believ'd!

IV.

I've often read, an' often heard,
That *poortith* for the ruſtic bard,
  Doth ever lie in wait:
While partial *Fate* profuſe beſtows
On wicked ſons o' taſteleſs *proſe*,
  Even kingdoms, crowns an' ſtate!
'My mind to me's a kingdom wide,
  Nae mair I wiſh or want;'
Tho' poortith on my riggin ride,
  I'm happily content.
Tho' toſt aft, an' croſt aft.
  By faithleſs, fooliſh fok',
I meet ſtill, an' greet ſtill,
  Misfortune with a joke.

V.

My life as like the chryſtal rill
That wimpling flows, with ſweeteſt thrill,
  Adown the gowany brae:
That ceaſeleſs frae its rocky ſource,
Purſues its pebbly, winding courſe,
  Still murmuring to the ſea
Amid the landſcape, lonely here
  I up my whiſtle bla',
As down life's *cruked* path I ſteer,
  To frighten care awa.
With L——e whiles, a book whiles,
  To paſs a happy *hour*;
I'm careleſs an' fearleſs
  How faithleſs Fortune lour.

VI.

Wi' glowan heart I'm right content
To ſee your name wi' mine in *prent*,
In humble *rural rhyme*:
The ſwains unborn of other days,
Will jocund chaunt our ſimple lays,
Adown the vale o' time:
Whilſt you an' I neglected ſleep
Aneath ſome moſſy ſtone,
Where nightly owls their vigils keep,
And wae-worn turtles moan!
Repoſing, there doſing,
We'll wear the years away,
Baith roun'ly, an' ſoun'ly,
Until the Judgment day.

VII.

Come haſte my brither! in a clap
Unhouſe your dapple-winged *crap*,
An' mount wi' right good will:
Withouten ether whip or ſpur,
He'll tak the road with airy birr
An light on *Parnas' Hill*.
Already on its airy height,
I ſee ye tak' your ſtand!
The bliſsful vales come full in ſight,
Of fair Arcadia's land.

Haſte bring then, an' ſing then
Ilk ferlie ye ſaw there——
From views there what news here?
Come haſte an' let me hear!

CARNGRANNY,
Auguſt 27, 1791.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHILE wintry gales around the cottage whiſtle,
An' Phœbus far to ſouthern climes retir'd,
I thus attempt another ſhort epiſtle;
You have it here juſt as the *muſe* inſpir'd—
Ah! was the limmer at this ſeaſon fir'd
Wi' a ſpark o' *Ferguſon*, or *Burns*'s flame!
Nae ither boon aff Heaven ſhould be deſir'd,
That I might boaſt a meritorious claim
To unfading *bays*, and everlaſting fame!

II.

Thrice famous Ferguſon! old Scotia's joy!
That erſt melodiouſly, ſae aft by turns,
Atun'd thy reed to charm the liſt'ning fry;
My muſe tho' diſtant far in ſorrow mourns,
And with thy bauld ſucceſſor, *famous Burns*,
Laments thy premature untimely fate—
Tho' now thy ſoul with heavenly ardour ſpurns
All earthly joys, with glory fluſh'd elate,
Yet Heaven might ſpar'd thee to a longer date. *

* He died at the age of twenty-four.

III.

But Fate unkin'ly did at firſt ordain
To give me being in an humbler ſphere:
By far the 'meaneſt of the muſes' train,'
In life's low vale yclep'd a ſon of care—
Expos'd to guſt o' Fortune's blaſt ſevere:
Beneath the glint o' an *unlucky ſtar*;
With *Poverty* and *Want*, fell luckleſs pair!
I wage a fruitleſs, and perpetual war;
Hope flies in view, but keeps her diſtance far.

IV.

But why thus glooming cheriſh diſcontent?
Or muttering here arraign the wiſe decree:
I'll ſoothe a tune out o'er the heath'ry bent,
And henceforth thoughtleſs, ſtrive content to be:
I'll ne'er pretend, ſweet Burns! to vie with thee,
Thy ſoft, deſcriptive quaint, auldfarrant ſtrain,
Where ſweeteſt *harmony* and *ſenſe* agree
To charm the heart—a height the which t' obtain
Nae ſooner I attempt, than down I hurl again!—

V.

What tho' like Burns I canna pour the lay!
Avails it ought to ſit an' thra' my mow—
Becauſe no laurel meed or comely *bay*,
Nor *holly* e'er ſhall ruſtle on my brow:
In Spring and Simmer whar the hawthorns grow,
I'll oft retire an' chaunt my humbler tale:
Or whar the murmuring, mazy ſtreamlets flow

In ſweet Meanders thro' the corny dale,
Retir'd I'll ſing till evening ſhades prevail.

VI.

Let pride ſwol'n criticks urge their ſpitefu' ſcoff,
And buſy cenſuring, a' my conduct blame;
And fickle, ſuperficial friends draw off,
Whoſe minds ay waver with the *lunar gleam*,
While mine remains, and ever will the ſame;
E'en pryin' *time* in me no change ſhall find:
Alas! of *friend* that e'er he bore the name,
That thus would change, or to *luke-warmth* incline,
For ſure his breaſt did ne'er the glow confine.

VII.

Hail friendſhip! *flowery tie* of *ſocial ſouls!*
O jewel precious! hardly to be found!
From's breaſt remov'd, far diſtant as the poles,
Where ſelf and ſordid guile for ay abound.
Alas! to ſuch, I'm now a burthen grown!
They ſhun my converſe, in a ſober hour!
And they who erſt have ſo much kindneſs ſhewn
Deteſt the ſhade of Damon's humble bower——
And every interview grown cold and ſour!

VIII.

Well ſince 'tis ſo, retir'd within myſelf,
I'll ſing my ſonnet to the lonely glen;
Farewell ye worthleſs, every truſtleſs elf!
Henceforth ſecluded from the ways of men,
Calm and ſerene life's ſober day I'll ſpend,

Infamous, low, unheeded and unkent:
Deſpite the world I have one honeſt, friend,
Which Heaven, all thoughtful, has in pity ſent,
To ſooth my ſoul—and bid me be content.

IX.

Come tune your pipe my L——, an' gi' us a ſpring,
For nane o' a' the herds like you can play;
Your flowing numbers meikle pleaſure bring
An' keep my cankering, careful thoughts at bay;
Let criticks cenſure, taunt an' jeer away——
Ne'er let a pedant's frown your muſe affright;
While approving Nature owns the untaught lay,
What need we fear from pride, diſdain, or ſpite?
As on we preſs, exulting, led by Nature's light.

X.

Farewell my much eſteem'd familiar friend,
May wiſdom guide you thro' this vale of care:
May ſmiling health your days and nights attend,
And happineſs careſs you ever, late and air',
Of every comfort may ye have a ſhare—
Sae will your ſeaſons here right ſmoothly move;
And whan ye quat this dinſome, juſtling ſphere
May Angels bear ye to the fields above,
There with the Seraph trains for ay to ſing an' rove.

CARNGRANNY, *Dec.* 20, 1791.

PASTORL

ON THE

DEPARTURE OF CORYDON.

THE Ruſtics dance round in a ring,
And happineſs ſmiles on the ſcene,
Each ſhepherd content as a king,
Each maiden as blythe as a queen.

While Collin ſits mournfully by
Lamenting his *Corydon* gone—
He turns from their mirth with a ſigh,
And gloomily wanders alone.

Ah Corydon! where doſt thou ſtray,
What vales and gay bowers among?
At dewy decline of the day,
Say where doſt thou pour the ſweet ſong?

No ſhepherds more kind than our own,
No maidens more blooming and fair,
Then why for denial of one,
Abandon thyſelf to deſpair?

Ah MYRA! full hard was thy heart,
Young Corydon's ſuit to deny!
And ſuffer him thus to depart,
Perhaps he may languiſh and die!

Tho' language had never expreſs'd
The ſhepherd's deplorable caſe,
Yet his wiſh you might often have gueſs'd,
By the langour he ſhew'd in his face.

Fair maiden relinquiſh thy ſcorn,
And diſcloſe the *ſoft ſecret* to me!
With a ſmile, ah! vouchſafe his return
And I'll gratefully ſeek him for thee.

Tho' Fortune evades the dear youth,
Tho' Poverty glooms on his ſphere:
Far better than wealth he has truth,
And I know that his ſoul is ſincere.

Ye ſhades, where we wont to retire,
With innocent friendſhip ſo bleſt,
Where beauty around would conſpire
To cheriſh the glow in each breaſt.

Your tranſports, your pleaſures are dead!
The ſongſters ſit dumb on the ſpray,
The graces forſake the green mead,
And the zephyrs ſigh over the brae.

Full oft the ſweet linnets and larks,
And robbins have witneſſed his lay,
As blythe o'er the butterfly parks
He pip'd the ſpring hours away.

The lambkins all over the lees
With frolickſome wantoneſs ſprung
And the Cuckow among the green trees,
Was ſilent when Corydon ſung.

At evening among the ſweet bowers,
When the woody, wild tenants were mute,
Attentive I've liſtened for hours,
To the rural delights of his flute.

No more the ſoft ſoul of his ſong,
The gale ſhall waft over the mead,
Nor fairies in blue trip along
To the muſic of Corydon's reed!

Ah Corydon! oft ſhall I wiſh,
Impatient, thy happy return;
Where often we ſat at the buſh,
Thy abſence poor Collin ſhall mourn.

While Nature, in ruſſet array'd,
And the muſe of the paſtoral lay,
Each evening frequent the dear ſhade,
And wonder what drove thee away.

Come winter, diſcolour the fields
And bind all the rivers in froſt:
No pleaſure the proſpect now yields,
Since the pride of our ſhepherds is loſt.

Ye ruſtics, from rocky ſublimes,
Give echo the pitiful tale,
And hourly in innocent rhymes,
Obſequious for Corydon wail.

But ruſtics, why dance in a ring,
So wantonly over the green,
Each ſhepherd content as a king
Each maiden as blyth as a queen?

While Collin ſits mournfully by,
Lamenting his Corydon gone——
He turns from your mirth, with a ſigh,
And gloomily wanders alone.

SONNET,

To NIGHT.

HASTE gloomy goddeſs! and from eaſtern braes
Thy ſable mantle o'er the landſcape throw:
Let ſullen owls reſume the ſong of woe;
And plaintive *cuſhats* the wild murmur raiſe.

With ſolitude and thee, black-ſkirted Night!
I love to wander thro' the peaceful bowers:
Serene to meditation give my hours,
And feed my ſolitary ſoul with pure delight.

Let ſons of riot ſeek the blazing town,
Where guilty Comus and his crew preſide:
Where noiſy revelry and wanton pride,
Call each intoxicating ſcene their own.

I'll penſive wander o'er the ſilent plain,
And woo the muſe beneath thy ebon reign.

THE UNFORTUNATE FIDDLER.

AE day a wan'ring fiddler, lame,
Upon a brig ſat far frae hame;
Frae *tim'er caſe* alias frame,
He drew's bread-winner,
And on the range-wa' laid the ſame,
Alas poor ſinner!

For lo, a wild unſonſy blaſt,
Down to the ſtream his fiddle caſt;
Whilk hopeleſs on the current paſt,
Wi' monie a hobble,
Leaving its maſter all aghaſt,
Beſet wi' trouble.

While he, wi' monie a girn an' ſigh,
Bewail'd his luckleſs deſtiny,
A countra' lout was drawing nigh,
Wha frank and jolly,
Enquir'd at him the reaſon why
Sae melancholy?

Then bleering up, he 'gan explain
The ſad occaſion of his pain;
The 'big roun' tears,' like draps o' rain,
Fell o'er his beard—
'Your *caſe* I pity,' quoth the ſwain,
'Tis e'en right hard.

Pity my *caſe* ye ſenſeleſs bl—r!
Ye quite miſunderſtand the matter—
Pity my fiddle, down the water!
My *caſe* ye ſee't—
'Humph,' quo' the fellow ſuch ill-natur',
The Deel gae wi't.

ODE

ODE,

FROM WEALTH.

ALMIGHTY *Wealth*, thou ſource of human
pleaſure!
Thou art the miſer's *Heaven*, *God* and treaſure!—
From thee afar I ſing, on northern downs,
And ſing regardleſs of thy ſmiles and frowns.

When ſeen aright, thou'rt ſoul ſeducing duſt,
That ſoon will fade and in corruption ruſt;
A ſubtle paſſport to a guilty joy;
The foe of Virtue, and the Devil's toy.

As high thy fav'rites o'er the world ride,
In all the fopp'ries of fantaſtic pride,
To *them* in ſhy, in meek obeſiance low,
The ragged ſons of worth, bare headed bow.—

L—d how it grieves me, round this fooliſh land,
To ſee *fine Cloaths* ſo much reſpect command,
How Ignorance gaudy, ſtrides from ſhore to ſhore,
And *Men* miſled, idolatrous adore!

Had Nature wiſe ordain'd beneath the Sun,
That all her children ſhou'd ſtark naked run;
How few by talents, wou'd have had reſpect?
Duke and my Lord had oft been Jo, and JACK!

Ye ruling Powers, permit my days to fly
With decent poverty, beneath the ſky:—
With Nature's beauties, rhymes and roſy health,
I'm happier ſure, than if immerſt in wealth.

SONG

SONG.

YOUNG Jockey met wi' Lizie fair,
Yon mountain whins amang:
Right blythe to meet the laſſie there,
The dainty ſhepherd ſang.
" Full light alang the dewy green,
The wanton lambie ſprings;
The *Cuckoo* ſings as ſaft I ween,
To ſhepherds as to kings.

CHORUS—Full light alang the dewy green,
The wanton lambie ſprings;
The *Cuckoo* ſings as ſaft I ween,
To ſhepherds as to kings.

Down in yon primroſe valley fair,
Where muſky hawthorns bloom,
Hard by a hedge o' holly, there
I've rear'd a rural home.
Now Lizie all I wiſh an' want,
Is juſt a buxom bride,
To crown my days with ſweet content,
An' bleſs my *fire-ſide*.

CHORUS—Full light &c.

If you my loving Lizie fair,
Wou'd ſhare my humble lot,
Our days might roll right eaſy there,
All in yon tufted cot.
When Summer to the land, my love,
Her flow'ry mantle len's,
Right happy, hand in hand, my love,
We'd ſtroll yon flow'ry glens.

Chorus—Full light &c.

And when ſtern winter's ire,
Sweeps beauty from the grove,
Beſide my cheering fire,
I'll ſing to thee my love.
And as the howling ſtorm ſevere,
Upon our hovel beat,
I'll lock thee in my arms my dear,
And gie thee kiſſes ſweet.

Chorus—Full light &c."

Won by the ſhepherd's honeſt tale,
Blythe Lizie ſmil'd conſent,
An' glad adown the corny dale,
To kirk with Jockey went.

Where Friar John in wedlock's knot,
Knit up the loving pair—
Now both retir'd to yonder cot,
Alike the world ſhare.

CHORUS—Full light alang the dewy green,
The wanton lambie ſprings;
The *Cuckoo* ſings as ſaft I ween,
To ſhepherds as to kings.

EPIGRAM.

TO ſpeak the *Truth*, an' juſt nae mair,
Wad fok at ilka time agree;
At *Kirk* an' *Market*, *Mill* an' *Fair*:
How modeſt might our meetings be!

Were this in time to be the caſe,
Our *Lawyers* might lay by their tongues;
Our *Clergy* too, wi' *Solemn Face*,
Might rarely hain their breath an' lungs!

EPISTLE

TO

Mr R——, BELFAST;

On receiving a flattering EPISTLE *from him.*

I Gat your *letter*, dainty lad,
(The fourteenth *ult.* I grant receit;)
Which made me fain right blythe an' glad,
An' eke a ſonnet in your debt:

But man, the bonie lengthen'd day;
The hedges green, an' flow'ry lee,
With ſingin' birds on ilka ſpray,
Hae ſta' my *Muſe* awa frae me!

In truth, ſhe's turn'd ſae vera' wild,
She'll ſcrimply tent me whan I ſpeak,
An' ſcarcely thinks it worth her while
To board wi' me ance i'the week.—

As down a glen I hap'd to wan'er,
Whar ſweet a cryſtal burnie play'd;
There luckily by chance I fan' her
Beneath a milk-white hawthorn's ſhade.

Quoth I, why ſittin' here alane?
Let's hie us hame wi' a' our ſpeed!
An' try anee mair in hamely ſtrain,
To kittle up the rural reed.

Shall— the wall o' norland chiels,
Thus gratefu' heeze ye up to fame;
Yet ye'll gay ſaunterin thro' theſe fiel's
Nor min' to thank him for the fame!

Sae hame we hied, and in a doop,
I gets my paper, pen an' ink;
There ſta's enow, but yet I hope
Ye'll at a fellow's *failings* wink.—

Your bonie poem that you ſent me,
O! what a heap o' flattery's in't!
Yet 'to the *nines* it did content me!'
Sae ſmooth auld-farrant, ſleek an' quaint.

O' wit an' ſenſe but ſma'a my ſhare,
Tho' whiles I pen a *ſenſeleſs ſang*:
It helps to frighten carkin' care,
An' keeps myſel frae' thinkin' lang;

This while I h' ſpent in ſpinnin rhyme,
An' means in time to mak a buke o't:
An' if it be na' thought a crime,
I'll gie the *crazy world* a luk' o't.

Now criticks, uſe me as you will,
An' at my Muſie ſklent your ſpite:
Your cenſure can do little ill—
'Twill never hin'er me to write.

Your Grammar chaps may gloom upo' me
An' ca' me craz'd—but—P— hark!——
Gude L—d I'll try't come what will o' me,
Tho' I ſhou'd forfeit coat an' ſark!

I'm poet poor as any lark;
I ſcarce a ſhilling can command,
Nor *houſe* nor *garden*, *log* nor *park*,
As ye may eaſily underſtand.

Since no' ae' *ſpot*, on earth below,
With juſtice I can claim as mine;
From place to place I'll muſing go,
And never caſt a *wiſh* behind.

I'll aiblins beg yet—what o' that!
Auld HOMER did the ſame lang-ſyne:
I'll ſooth a tune an' never fret,
Ye ken it's nonſenſe to repine.—

The graſſy glen,—the blooming thorn!
The purling rill an' flow'ry lee!
Ilk fairy ſcene on Simmer's morn,
All nature thro' has ſweets for me.

Thoughtleſs I plod life's giddy maze;
An' now an' then attune the reed
To rural ſtrains in nature's praiſe,
Till Time ſhall count me with the dead.

Pipe on gay lad, as thou'ſt begun,
Henceforth I'll ca' thee friend an' brother:
Glad hand in hand, we'll hie us on,
An' ſpeel PARNASSUS HILL together.

Now leaſt I might my frien' offend,
An' wi' my nonſenſe wrack his brain;
I'll tak a ſnuff,—fling by my pen,
An' let my Muſe t'her glen again.

May 24, 1791.

TO THE SAME.

FRAE verdant braes whar gowans bloom,
While Simmer ſleeps on hill an' howm;
Again my frien' I thus preſume
Anither ſang:
Avaunt ye criticks! here I come,
Bet right or wrang.

Come Muſe while ilka ſunny ſcene
Is clad in claes o' gayeſt green;
To him wha has ſae aff-han' been,
Soothe up a lilt:
Tho' right unſnod he'll no complain—
Haſte let us till't.

The fiel's are co'erd wi' waving corn;
The whiſpering breezes chear the thorn;
The miſt lies laigh at early morn,
Adown the vales:
Sweet, halſome ſcents are ſaftly borne
Alang the dales.

In rhyme, I'm proud ye perſevere,
But—P— my callan have-a-care!
An' ay o' flattery unco ſpare,
'Twere onie matter;
In rhyme ye're witty, ſlee an' quer;
But faith ye flatter!

Ye tell me ye he got a wife
To ſhare the ſours an' ſweets o' life:
May ye in geer an' bairns grow rife,
An' Heaven's bleſs ye—
A peaceful lot, unknown to ſtrife,
'S the the warſt I wiſs ye.

Pluck up a heart my lad, an' ſyne
Your able ſhou'der lay to mine;
Auld Erin yet we'll mak to ſhine
In meaſur'd pages——
O! had I talents, BURNS like thine,
I'd ſing thro' ages!

Let greedy miſers thum' their gowd,
An' gaping clergy bawl aloud,
Whas hearts are aften better ſtow'd
Wi' greed than grace,
I'll juſtle thro' the buſy crowd
Wi' laughin face.

As lang's I'hae paper, pen an' ink,
An' now an' then a *gill* to drink,
I'll laugh an' dance an' ſing an' wink
At fickle Fortune:
She'll aiblins gie me yet a blink,
Tho' 'tis uncertain.

Ye Powers! that chauk out each their lot,
Gi'e me (for wealth I value not,)
But health an' claes to turn the wat,
An' now an' then,
A heart-inſpiring, moderate pot
Wi' honeſt men.

E'en let the buſy, juſtling warl,
O'er hight and howe 'bout riches quarrel,
For my part I ſhall never ſnarl,
Nor wite the times,
Gin I get gill an' girdle farl,
An' frien's an' rhymes.

My ſpunkie blythe, ay whan at leiſure,
Let's hae your thoughts in hamely meaſure,
Which I'll receive wi' meikle pleaſure,
An' for your ſake,
I'll keep your lines a laſting treaſure,
While life's awake.

For ilka verſe, my ſocial ſwankie,
I'se no forget in rhyme to thank ye;
I'll up amang the Bardies rank ye,
In Temple Fame:
Set erouſly down a dapper ſhanky—
Ye's hae a Name.

Permit me now, before we part,
To wiſh the following frae my heart—
May ye ne'er want a foamin' quart,
An' pint an' gill;
A Muſie willing, gleg, alert,
An' pliant quill.

May happineſs for lang abide,
An' ever wait thy fire-ſide:
May ye lang out o'er the warl ſtride,
Wi' healthfu' birr—
Sae now I think ye're fairly paid,
Gude evening, Sir.

June 25, 1791.

EPITAPHS.

On A. B——.

HERE lies beneath this mouldering ſod,
Him who the *Paths* of *Virtue* trod:
Who by affliction's galling rod
Was early driven—
Whoſe ſoul exalted with its God,
Now dwells in Heaven.

On SARAH B——.

BENEATH this ſtane—lies Sarah B—
Whoſe days were ſpent—in *ſin* an' ſcoffin';
A ſtrap o' ſtrife——a wicked wife——
Now Death has pent— her in a coffin!

ON A PEDLAR,

Who was KILLED and BURIED on a HILL.

HERE lies alone, in this wild, cauld place,
O' Pedlar John the luckleſs *ſaul-caſe*:——
When the laſt trumpet's awfu' blaſt
Awakes the dead frae ſilent reſt,
He'll ſtart an' ſtare!—ſee but himſel' man,
An' call to min' his pack an' ell-wan'!

ON A GUDE FELLOW.

HERE R—— reſts, an honeſt weaver,
Wha liv'd an died a drouthy b'liever:
A better never threw a ſhuttle,
Nor empty'd yet, an ale-wife's bottle,
For Fortune's frowns—he ay defy'd them,
An' prayin' means—he never try'd them;

Still took the world as it cam',
Laugh'd, jok'd, an ſung, an' quaff'd his dram;
But Death in earneſt cam' at laſt.
An' flung him here to tak' his reſt.

On AULD JOSIE.

AH Reader! view with tear-wet eye,
The SPOT where Joſie's corps do lie——
Thro' life he was a canty carl,
But death has kick'd him from the world.

On J—— D——.

HERE Johny ſleeps aneath the ſtorms,
As ſoun's a tap in Death's cauld arms:
The *ſhell* is only hidden here——
The *kernel* s fled the L—d knows where!

On a remarkable little, ILL-FAVOUR'D BODY.

HERE lies deserted by the soul,
The clay contents of —— the croul:
He was,——but now he's dead as mutton,
A M——r, L——r, and a —— Gl——n.

POETICAL BLOSSOMS,

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL POEMS,

BY

DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

POETICAL BLOSSOMS.*

TO THE ROSE IN JUNE.

PREPARE ſweet roſe! thy balmy treat,
And all thy vivid charms diſplay:
For lo! The anxious zephyrs wait
To waft their fragrant freight away.

And lo, the fond expectant bee
Now wanders o'er the flow'ry plain,
And ſearches every ſhade for thee,
And longs to meet his Roſe again.

And hark! the minſtrels of the grove,
For thee exert their vocal powers,
Mirth, beauty, melody and love
Invoke thee to adorn their bowers.

* The very great fondneſs, which I have for the few, following elegant poems, is the only apology I can offer to their ingenious authors, for my ſubjoining them here.

Then bid thy blushing leaves expand,
In all thy birth-day beauty dreſt:
Prepare to grace LAVINIA's hand——
Prepare to bloom upon her breaſt.

And when thy tints begin to fade,
And when thy fragrant charms decline,
Then teach the amiable maid
That beauty's reign reſembles thine. *.

DERMOTT.

* This poem and the three following, are the production of the ſame elegant pen. I know not what others may think, but I confeſs I am always ſtruck with the flowery ſimplicity and natural ſweetneſs of this gentleman's poetry.

TO THE SWALLOW,

ON ITS RETURN.

RETURN ſweet bird! and with thee bring
The ſmiling retinue of ſpring:
Bid the new livery'd groves rejoice,
And wake the Cuckow's welcome voice,
Where echo, in the vocal vale,
Accompanies the clam'rous rail:
And bid the ſtreams in murmurs flow,
And bid the balmy breezes blow,
While brighter beams illume the ſkies,
While gayer proſpects round us riſe.

Sweet ſtranger, ſtormy winter's paſt,
The freezing gale and frightful blaſt—
The waves propitious, ſilence keep;
Now haſte thee hither o'er the deep;
And to thy wonted haunts repair,
The winding ſtream, or meadows fair;
There ſport along on nimble wing,
Or, perch'd upon the houſe-top, ſing:
Where oft I've liſten'd to thy lay,
Delighted at the dawn of day:
Then viſit the familiar roof,
Where thy maſonic neſt aloof,

Auſpicious on the purloin ſtands,
Uninjur'd ſtill by impious hands.
Here ſit once more, and patient prove
The parent's tenderneſs and love;
And when, by thy aſſiduous care
Matur'd, the little brood prepare
To quit thy native roof and try
Excurſions thro' the diſtant ſky,
May no diſaſter, in their flight,
Prevent their ſafe return at night!

PROMETS.

TO THE SWALLOW,

On its DEPARTURE.

FAREWELL my bonie bird! full aft
Thou haſt me meikle pleaſure gi'en,
To ſee thee ſcud, and wheel ſae daft,
O'er waving fiel's and meadows green:

Or whar the ſportive midgy thrang,
Beneath the warm, mild evening beam,
Light lead the bummy dance alang
The glaſſy ſurface o' the ſtream.

Short is the ſaucy cuckow's ſtay,
Her ſlunkie fleein in the rear—
A while ſhe flaunts frae brae to brae,
An' then flits aff we wadna where:

But thou wi' friendly fand delay,
Remain'ſt our ſocial haunts to cheer,
Till autumn's late, contracted day,
An' winter's gloomy reign draws near.

Fareweel! an-wharſoe'er thou gang,
May Peace thy dwelling ay attend!
Whether the laneſome braes amang,
Or cliffs that o'er the deep impend.

Or whether o'er the ſouthern wave,
To warmer climes your courſe ye'll ſteer,
An d winter's bleak dominions leave,
Till ſpring revives the drooping year.

Fareweel! an' whan ye nieſt come back,
Ay welcome in my barn or byre,
Ilk night your ſonſy lodging tak',
Till Nature prompt thee to retire.

DRUMORE.

A WINTER-PIECE,

In the Manner of BURNS.

NOW crabbed winter comes again,
Slow hobbling o'er the mirky plain,
Like ſome auld crippl'd, cankrous ſwain,
That's paſt fourſcore:
While a' the bullies in his train
March on before.

There's Eurus *, wi' his biting blaſt,
Nips ilka tree as he gangs paſt;
An Caurus † down the leaves does caſt
Juſt at his heels:
Then Boreas ‡ bins the burnies faſt,
An' ſmoors the fields.

The dronkit cattle ſeek the byre,
An' rouſe the farmer frae the fire,
Loud lowing for the evening hire,
Ere night fa's near:
The naigs likewiſe their ſtaws require,
An' ait-ſtrae cheer.

* The East wind.
† The North East.
‡ The North.

The poultry hameward, early ſtaukˌ
Frae their ſhort, corn-collecting wauk!
Then mounting the accuſtom'd bank,
Sleek doun each feather,
An ſeem to paſs the time in tauk,
Like chums thegither.

When night's dark plaid enwraps the pole,
The cautious coney leaves her hole,
To crap faint Nature's ſcanty dole
On bank or brae:
Doom'd hunger hard, poor beaſt! to thole,
Now monie a day.

Wie Rabin red-breaſt, frae the wood,
Draws near the door in mournfu' mood;
To glean what ſcatter'd crums o' food
Perchance lie there:
Ye mouſers that delight in blood,
The ſongſter ſpare.

Let man now act the God-like part,
Tow'rds all that feel affliction's ſmart:
An' feed the poor, an chear the heart
O' helpleſs age:
Sueh deeds, when Death ſhall point the dart,
Our fears aſſuage.

DROMORE.

To the ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

To thee ſweet minſtrel of the morn,
Who chaunts beneath the leafleſs thorn,
I dedicate my lay——
With gratitude I ſing to thee,
That aft fae ſweetly ſings to me
While winter chills the day.

Thy little partners o' the glade,
Now robb'd of every friendly ſhade,
In mournfu' numbers throng:
Whilſt you, with pleading notes attend
My cott, an' court me for thy friend,
An' chear me with thy ſong.

With early pipe thou hailſt the morn
Ere Phœbus' beams the hills adorn
An' wounds the ſluggard breaſt:
An' ſoon as night her ſable ſtole
Draws downward frae the dark'ning pole,
Thou flit'ſt away to reſt.

And may'ſt thou find a ſweet repoſe,
A ſhelter frae thy wanton foes,
An' pleaſing dreams to charm!
May no unlucky ſnare appear,
To fill thy little breaſt with fear—
No inſtrument of harm!

The rugged blaſt may roun' thee rave;
The beach rebellow frae the wave,
An' drifting ſnows deſcend:
Be thou attendant at my door,
I'll ſpread for thee thy daily ſtore,
And be thy winter friend.

And what is winter but a day?
The chilling hours will paſs away,
And ſpring return again!
The trees their wonted ſuits reſume;
The meads in flow'ry grandeur bloom,
And beauty bleſs the plain.

A SCOTCH FRAGMENT.

KEEN blaws the wind o'er Donocht head,
The ſna drives ſnelly thro' the dale;
The Gaberlunzie trills my ſneck,
An' ſhivering tells his waefu' tale:—

"Cauld is the night, O let me in!
"An dinna let your minſtrel fa',
"An' dinna let his winding ſheet
"Be naething but a wreath o' ſna'!

"Full ninety winters hae I ſeen,
"An' pip'd where garcocks whirring flew,
"An monie a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
"To lilts which frae my drone I blew."—

My Elſpa wak'd, and wow ſhe cry'd
"Get up guidman, and let him in,
"For weel ye ken the winter night
"Was ſhort when he began his din."

My Elſpa's voice, O wow its ſweet!
E'en tho' ſhe banns and ſcaulds awee:
But when its tun'd to ſorrow's tale,
O haith it's doubly ſweet to me!

" Come in auld carle,—I'll ſtir the fire,
" And mak it bleeze a bonie flame,
" Your bluid is thin—you've tint the gaet,
" You ſhou'dna ſtray ſae far frae hame."

" Nae hame hae I,' the minſtrel ſaid,
" Sad party ſtrife o'erturn'd my ha';
' And weeping at the eve o' life,
" I wander thro' a wreath o' ſna'!"—

EPITAPH

ON THE

TOMB-STONE

OF THE

THRICE-FAMOUS FERGUSSON,*

THE

SCOTTISH POET.

No ſculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
No ſtoried urn nor animated buſt:
This ſimple STONE directs pale SCOTIA's way,
To pour her ſorrows o'er her POET's duſt.

* When Mr. Burns firſt went to Edinburgh, he made it his buſineſs to find out the *ſpot* where the remains of the *dear Fergusſon* lay; he erected a ſtone at his own expence, inſcribed with the above elegant lines: and to manifeſt his eſteem for the *worth* which once animated his predeceſſor's duſt, obtained from the magiſtrates a grant to keep it up *Secula Seculorum*.

THE

TEARS of MAY.

AN ODE.

I.

DIVESTED of his ſtormy train,
Winter the year's alternate ſceptre ſway'd;
Such mildneſs mark'd his mod'rate reign,
It ſeem'd as if in winter's ſtead,
The gentle Spring had been return'd again:
Or as if all his ancient wrath were dead,
Which erſt, ſo oft was wont to deſolate the plain.
Full ſoon the bloomy race appear'd
And herbs and flowers their heads uprear'd;
Warm ſuns indulgent ſhine:
The woods and groves are quickly ſeen,
Dreſs'd out in full trim'd ſuits of green,
And *April* wondering, view'd himſelf ſo fine.

II.

Then ſmiling roſe the beauteous *May*
And caſt a well-pleas'd look around;
At her approach, from every ſpray,
The tuneful choirs their joy reſound:
At her approach, the nymphs and ſwains advance
To the briſk meaſures of the jocund dance.

III.

Winter, the ſpreading joy at diſtance heard,
And, envious, ſtraight to mar it he prepar'd:
(For Envy, tho' it cannot quite deſtroy,
Will ever ſtrive its object to annoy:)
He bade the furious North-wind blow:
He bade deſcend the drifting ſnow,
Black clouds commiſſion'd from their dark retreat,
Obſtruct the unwilling Sun's prolific heat;
Cold nitrous damps ariſe along the plain,
And blaſt, unpitying blaſt, fair ſpring, they blooming train.

IV.

The mournful change, *May*, lovely Queen,
Obſerving, to her bower retir'd;
There ſadly wept the fading ſcene,
Whoſe beauties ſhe ſo late admir'd.
Her radiant treſſes looſe, diſorder'd hung,
And oft the ſtruggling ſigh heav'd from her breaſt;
From either eye the pearly drops faſt ſprung,
When thus the tyrant's minions ſhe addreſs'd:

" Ye meſſengers of cruel Winter, ſay!
" What injury have I done your angry king!
" Thus to decree untimely ruin's prey,
" The harmleſs offspring of my parent ſpring!
" If pity's plea e'er mov'd the tyrant's breaſt;
" If mine or mankind's good, e'er claim'd your care:
" Back to your prince, ye ſtormy vaſſals! haſte,
" And further miſchief, Oh forbear! forbear!"
She ſaid: half ſooth'd, the ſullen band obey'd,
And back they ſped their inauſpicious flight.—
Then *May* emerging from her ſacred ſhade,
Came beauteous forth to bleſs, once more, our longing ſight.

ADDRESS

TO

ERIN.

SWEET verdant ERIN! 'gently ſloping hills,
And ample meadows: where the lowing herds
And gen'rous ſteed the flow'ry herbage crops.
Ye whitening fields, which bid the brawny ſwain
And blooming maid, prepare their ſickles.
Ye rocky, tow'ring mountains; ſpacious lakes,
And winding bays, where commerce pours
The tide of wealth; and where the buſy loom
Its flaxen product ſends, white as the ſnow,
To deck the fair of many a diſtant land.
Kind nurſe of Beauty and of courage!—hear
A grateful ſtranger's wiſh, who joyful ſees
Thy growing induſtry—thy growing wealth—
And hails, with thy brave ſons the glad approach
Of ſacred LIBERTY—beſt friend of man,
The choiceſt gift which bounteous Heaven beſtows.

May Induſtry with all her healthful train,
Improve ſtill more thy grateful ſoil, and lead
Thy wat'ry courſe acroſs thy fertile plains,
And form thy rough materials into uſe.
May patriotiſm inſpire thy ſenators,
And Wiſdom guide their councils! undiſmay'd.
May every friend of Ireland and of man,
His *independent* thoughts with freedom urge,
His ſchemes benevolent for public good,
And gain new converts to the glorious cauſe;
Whilſt *venal*, fawning, courtiers oft forget
The gen'ral good, 'midſt private, ſelfiſh views.
Still may thy *fair*, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Reward with all their charms, the fervent youth
That muſter annually in patriot lands,
Their country to protect, their rights t' aſſert.
May Science fair combine with uſeful art,
T' enlarge the mind; and over ev'ry rank
May ſweet Proſperity,
From Virtue ſpringing, and by labour nurs'd,
Her happy influence unceaſing ſhed!

Such are the ſtranger's earneſt prayers, who feels,
And ſtill ſhall feel, while beats his grateful heart,
The kind attention of HIBERNIA's ſons.

SYLVIA,

AN

ECLOGUE.

COME my buſkin'd hunter, come,
Forſake the barren mountain,
Lead, for me, my thirſty flocks
To yon refreſhing fountain.

Weary, love, I truly am,
And ſick at heart with ſorrow,
For I have been a ſlave all day,
And muſt be ſo to-morrow.

Scorch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
What ſerves to ſay I'm weary?
Twelve long, lonely miles muſt I
The fowls to market carry;

And I muſt early riſe to lead
The cattle forth at morning;
Mine the taſk to count them too,
And fold them at returning.

All the houſhold cares are mine,
I glean in harveſt weather,
At Chriſtmas fetch in wood for fire,
And ſpin whole nights together.

Ah! but were my lover by
How eaſy were my labour!—
Not ſo light the village dance,
Not half ſo ſweet the tabor.

Lack-a-day! the moments creep,
Or Ruſland loiters ſadly,
Mournful does his abſence ſeem,
But then we meet moſt gladly;

Have I miſs'd the leafy ſhade
That ſcreens us from intruſion?
Oh, no, the *ſpot* that lovers chooſe
Admits of no deluſion.

Didſt thou not, my Ruſland, ſay
Provided I came hither,
We might talk of fairy feats,
Or ſit and ſing together?

Wherefore doſt thou tarry then?
To judge by my emotion,
Swifter than an arrow's flight
Should be a lover's motion.

Say, can any artful nymph,
More fair or more prevailing,
Bid thee disannul thy vows,
Nor heed my sad bewailing?

Had thy love but been as mine,
The nymph had been rejected,
Rusland had not loiter'd thus,
Nor Sylvia thus expected!

Oft have I heard the wise ones say,
"Ye beautiful believe us;
"Men, by nature, faithless are,
"And study to deceive us;"

Say, my Rusland, is it true,
Can I no more delight thee?
Indeed no, no, it is not so,
Yet why then do you slight me?

Surely such an artless youth
Can never mean to leave me,
Truth seem'd to ripen on his lips,
Unfashion'd to deceive me.

What so long detains him then?
May no mishap betide him,
An hour like frozen winter creeps,
If I am not beside him.

This playful kid the hunter ſaw,
Full well do I remember;
Shivering, wet, half-ſtarv'd, and cold,
A victim to December.

Up the ſteep and craggy cliff
He vent'rous climb'd to ſave it,
Pity'd it, and nouriſh'd it,
And to his miſtreſs gave it.

Go, thou little wanton, go,
Acquaint him by thy bleating,
How often I have ſigh'd in vain,
How long have here ſat waiting:

[illegible] I weave,
[illegible] the fickle rover,
What my fearful bluſhes hide,
Theſe tell-tale wreaths diſcover.

Tell him how the roſes weep,
Like me with head reclining,
Paler all their colour fades,
They ſicken too with pining:

Tell him, though, if he return,
His preſence will revive them,
Make their bloom more vivid glow,
And ſweeter fragrance give them.

Say, for him alone I ſtay,
For him ſhall I be ſcolded,
Soon muſt all the goats be milk'd,
At duſk the ſheep be folded.

Elſe ſilently my father frowns,
My cruel ſtep-dame chides me,
And peeviſhly her fretful ſon
With ſcoffing taunts derides me.

My love is wiſe, and ſo belike,
Diſdains a ſimple creature,
If ſo, why did he kiſs her cheek,
Or why ſo fondly treat her?

Why carve her name on rinds of trees,
Why comfort her when weeping?
Why tune for her his oaten reed,
Or watch beſide her ſleeping?

Soon the nightly dews will fall,
The ſun is faſt deſcending,
And ſee along the wat'ry moor
The ſhadows are extending.

Did he come, the time were ſhort,
To ſpeak our mutual pleaſure,
Ah! would the ſport were earlier done,
Or I had longer leiſure.

Hereafter I will love no more,
Far hence capricious paſſion,
My Ruſland's falſe, and ſo will I,
For falſehood is the faſhion.

Methought I heard his diſtant horn,—
My reſolution's broken,
And that I love my Ruſland ſtill,
This beating heart's the token.

THE EMIGRANT,

A

POEM,

BY THE

Hon. H. ERSKINE.

What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place I first did learn of thee!

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

THE EMIGRANT.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wander'd, gurgling, down a heath-clad hill,
An antient shepherd stood, oppressed with woe,
And eyed the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.
Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before,
Had touch'd one keel this solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver grey,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him bleating, stray'd a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighbouring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove, with many a trick to ease his care.
While o'er his furrow'd cheeks, the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began: ——
"Farewell! farewell! dear Caledonia's strand,
Rough tho' thou be, yet still my native land,
Exil'd from thee I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more:
By hard oppression driven, my helpless age,
That should ere now have left life's bustling stage

Is fore'd the ocean's boiſt'rous breaſt to brave,
In a far, foreign land, to ſeek a grave.

And muſt I leave thee then, my little cot!
Mine and my father's poor, but happy lot,
Where I have paſs'd in innocence away,
Year after year, till age has turn'd me grey?

Thou dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife,
'Twas here you rear'd with fond maternal pride,
Five comely ſons: three for their country died!
Two ſtill remain, ſad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour but their ſcars;
They live to ſee their ſire denied a grave
In lands his much-lov'd children died to ſave:
Yet ſtill in peace and ſafety did we live,
In peace and ſafety more than wealth can give.
My two remaining boys with ſturdy hands,
Rear'd the ſcant produce of our niggard lands,
Scant as it was, no more our hearts deſir'd,
No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.
But ah, ſad change! thoſe bleſſed days are o'er,
And peace, content and ſafety charm no more.
Another lord now rules theſe wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains,
Far, far from hence he revels life away,
In guilty pleaſures, our poor means muſt pay.

The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Must now be tortur'd by the tearing plow;
And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise
Which, to these northern climes, wise Heaven denies.
In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands,
We strive to earn the gold our lord demands;
While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom
Await our failure as its certain doom.

To shun these ills that threat my hoary head,
I seek in foreign lands precarious bread;
Forc'd, tho' my helpless age from guilt be pure,
The pangs of banish'd felons to endure;
And all because these hands have vainly try'd,
To force from art what nature has deny'd;
Because my little all will not suffice,
To pay the infatiate claims of avarice.

In vain of richer climates I am told,
Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are gold:
I am contented here, I ne'r have seen
A vale more fertile, nor a hill more green,
Nor would I leave this sweet, tho humble cot,
To share the richest monarch's envied lot.

O! would to Heaven th' alternative were mine,
Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
Soon would I chuse: but e'er to-morrow's sun
Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,
I shall be robb'd, by what they JUSTICE call,
By legal ruffians, of my little all:

Driven out to hunger, nakedneſs and grief,
Without one pitying hand to bring relief.
Then come, Oh! ſad alternative to chuſe,
Come baniſhment, I will no more refuſe,
Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
Can add of horror to my tortur'd mind:
On whatſoever coaſt I may be thrown,
No lord can uſe me harder than my own;
Even they who tear the limbs and drink the gore
Of helpleſs ſtrangers, what can they do more?

For thee inſatiate chief! whoſe ruthleſs hand
For ever drives me from my native land,
For thee I leave no greater curſe behind,
Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind:
Or what were harder to a ſoul like thine,
To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

For you, my friends, and neighbours of the vale,
Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
Soon may our king, whoſe breaſt paternal glows
With tendereſt feelings for his people's woes,
Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
To eaſe your ſorrows ſtretch the helping hand,
Elſe ſoon, too ſoon, your helpleſs fate ſhall be
Like me to ſuffer——to depart like me.

On you, dear native land, from whence I part,
Reſt the beſt bleſſings of a broken heart;
If in ſome future hour the foe ſhall land
His hoſtile legions on Britannia's ſtrand,

May ſhe, not then, the alarm ſound in vain,
Nor miſs her baniſh'd thouſands on the plain.

Feed on my ſheep, for though deprived of me,
My cruel foes ſhall your protectors be,
For their own ſakes, ſhall pen your ſtraggling flocks,
And ſave your lambkins from the rav'ning fox.

Feed on my goats, another now ſhall drain
Your ſtreams that heal diſeaſe and ſoften pain;
No ſtreams alas! can ever, ever flow,
To heal your maſter's heart, or ſoothe his woe.

Feed on, my flocks, ye harmleſs people feed,
The worſt that ye can ſuffer is to bleed.
O! that the murderer's ſteel were all my fear!
How fondly would I ſtay to periſh here.—

But hark! my ſons loud call me from the vale,
And lo! the veſſel ſpreads her ſwelling ſail.
Farewell! farewell!"—Awhile his hands he rung,
And o'er his crook in ſpeechleſs ſorrow hung,
Then caſting many a lingering look behind,
Down the ſteep mountain's brow did ſlowly wind.

WATTY AND MEG.

A TALE.

KEEN the frosty win' was dashin',
Deep the sna' had wreath'd the plews,
Watty weary a dry thrashin',
Doiter'd down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was there, and Pattie,
And Will that wins ayont the hill;—
"Come awa," qu' Johny, "Watty,
"Let us hae another gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock jabas,
An' sae monie nibors roun',
Kick'd frae aff his feet the sna-ba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

O'er a board wi' bannaks heepit,
Cheese, and sheups an' glasses stood,
Some were roarin, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chew'd their cud.

Jock was selling Patt some tallow;
A' the rest a rackit held,
A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow!
Sat an' smoakit by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health an' Meg's in ane,
Watty puffin' out a mouthfu',
Pledg'd him wi' a heavy graen.

"What's the matter Watty, wi ye?
Trouth your chaps are fa'ing in,
Something's wrang—I'm vext to ſee ye
Grown ſae pale an unco thin."

"Ay," quo Watty, "times are altered,
But its paſt redemption now,
L—d, I wiſh I had been halter'd,
When I marry'd Maggy Howe.

I' h' been vext, right poor and raggy,
Try'd wi' troubles no that ſma',
Them I bare, but marrying Maggy
Put the cape-ſtane on them a'.

Day an night ſhe's ever yelpin':
Wi' the weans ſhe ne'er can gree:
When ſhe's tir'd wi perfect ſkelpin',
Then ſhe ſtees like fire on me.

"See ye Mungo, when ſhe'll claſh on
Wi' her everlaſting clack,
Whiles I've had a ſtool in paſſion
Lifted up to break her back."

" O for Gude-ſake! keep frae cuffits,"
Mungo ſhook his head and ſaid,
" Weel I ken what ſort o' life it's,—
" Ken ye Watty, what I did?"

After Beſs an' I were kippled
Soon ſhe grew like onie bear;
I'ick'd my ſhins, an' when I tippl'd
Hurl'd out my vera hair.

For a wee I quietly knuckl'd,
But when naithing wad prevail,
Up my claes and caſh I buckl'd;
Beſs, for ever, fare you weel!

Then her din grew leſs an' leſs ay,——
Haith I gar'd her change her tune;
Now a better wife than Beſſy
Never ſlept in leather ſhoen.

Try this Watty, when ye ſee her
Ragin like a roarin' flood;
Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her,
That's the way to mak her good.

Laughin ſangs an' laſſes ſkirls,
Echo'd out now, thro' the roof,
" Done" quo' Jock, and ſyne his earls
Nail'd the dryſter's waukit loof.

In the thrang o' ſtories telling,
Shaking han's an ither cheer;
Swith! a rap cam on the hallan,
"Mungo, is our Watty here?

Maggy's weel-kent tongue in hurry
Darted thro' him like a knife;—
Up the door flew in a fury,
In comes Watty's ſcoldin wife.

"Ah! ye gude for naething bein'!
Hang you for a naſty ſow!
Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,
Drinkin here wi' ſic a crew.

Devil nor your neck were broken,
Sic a life nae fleſh endures,
Toiling like a ſlave to ſloken
You, you dy'vor, and your whores!

Riſe, ye drunken beaſt o' Bethel!
Drink's your night an' day's deſire;
Riſe, this precious hour or faith I'll
Fling your whiſkey in the fire!

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din:
Left the houſe while Maggy followed,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fok to every door came lampin',
Maggy curs'd them ane an' a',
Clappin' wi' her han's, an ſtamping,
Loſt her bachels in the ſna'.

Hame at laſt ſhe turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout:
Ragin' like a vera devil,
Kickin' ſtools an' chairs about.

"You'll ſit wi' a' your limmers round you,—
Hang you Sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my han's—coofous' you!
But I'll cleave you to the teeth!"

Watty wha midſt this oration
Ey'd her whiles, but durſtna ſpeak,
Sat like patient Reſignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad, his wee drap broſe he ſuppit;
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell——
Quietly till his bed he ſlippit,
Sighin' aftin to himſel.

"Nane are free frae ſome vexation;
Ilk ane has his ills to dree:
But thro' a' the hale creation,
Is there onie vext like me?"

A' night lang he row'd an' grunted,
Sleep nor reſt he cou'dna tak',
Maggy oft wi' horror haunted,
Mumbling, ſtarted at his back.

Soon as e'er the mornin peepit,
Up roſe Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kiſs'd his weanies while they ſleepit,
Waken'd Meg, an' ſought fareweel.—

"Fareweel, Meg! and O! may Heaven
Keep you ay, within its care;
Watty's heart you've lang been grievin',
Now he'll never faſh you mair.

Happy cou'd I been beſide you,
Happy baith at morn an' e'en;
A' the ill did e'er betide you,
Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

"But you ever lik'd to ſee me
Vext an' ſighin' late an' air——
Fareweel, Meg! I've ſworn to lea' thee,
So you'll never ſee me mair."

Maggy ſighin ſair to loſs him,
Sic a change had never wiſt:
Clapt his hand cloſe to her boſom,
While her heart was like to burſt.

" O! my Watty will ye lea' me
Frien'leſs, helpleſs, to deſpair!
O! for this ae time forgie me:
Never will I faſh you mair."

" Aye you've aft ſaid that, an' broken
A' your vows ten times a week;
No,—no, Meg, ſee here's a token
Glittering on my bonnet cheek.

" O'er the ſeas I ſail this mornin'
Buſked, lifted, ſworn an' a',
Forc'd by your confounded girnin',
Fareweel Meg! for I'm awa."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Guſh'd afreſh an' louder grew;
While the weans wi' monie a yamour,
Roun' their ſabbin mither flew.

" See your poor young bairnies pleading:
Will ye gang an' break our heart!
No a houſe to hide our head in,
No a frien' to tak our part.

Thro' the warl I'll wan'er wi' ye,——
Stay, O Watty! ſtay at hame!
Here, upon my knees I'll gie ye
Onie vow ye like to name.

Ilka word cam' like a bullet:
Watty's heart began to ſhake;
On a keſt he flang his wallet,
Dighted baith his e'en an' ſpake.—

"If ance mair I ſhould by writing,
Lea' the Sogers, an' ſtay ſtill,
Wad ye ſwear to quat your flyting?
Yes!—O! Watty!—yes, I will!—"

"Weel," qu' Watty, "min' be honeſt,
An to keep your temper ſtrive;
Gif thou crack this vow, thou can'ſt
Never mair expect to thrive."

Maggy, now this hour you ſolemn
Swear by every thing that's good;
Ne'er again your ſpouſe to ſcaul him,
While life does warm your heart an' blood.

That you'll ne'er in Mungo's ſeek me,
Ne'er put drunken to my name,
Never out at e'enin' ſteek me,
Never gloom whan I come hame.

That you'll ne'er, like Beſſy Millar,
Kick my ſhins, nor rug my hair,——
Laſtly, I'm to keep the Sillar,——
This upon your ſaul you ſwear."

" O!"—Quo' Meg,—" A weel," quo' Watty,
" Fareweel! faith, I'll try the ſeas,
" O! ſtan' ſtill," quo' Meg, an' grat ay,
" Onie!—onie way ye pleaſe."

Maggy ſyne, becauſe he preſſed her,
Swore to a' things o'er again;
Watty ſtar'd, an' ſtend, and kiſs'd her:
Wow! but he was won'rous fain!

Down he threw his ſtaff victorious;
Aff gaed bonnet, breeks an' ſhoen,
Syne beneath the blankets, glorious,
They held anither hinney moon!

AIT-MEAL

A POEM.

" Clear-bluided *health* tends ilka ſoup"
O' ſimple diet.
Farmer's ha'—A Scottiſh Poem.

YE Muſes nine, O! len's a lift,
An' gie me o' the gab a gift—
Without ye I'll do little thrift—
O! help a chiel,
Wha fain wad be in canny tift,
To ſing Ait-Meal.

To gude ait meal, I'm ſure we awe
Far mair than ever I can ſhaw—
Tho' ane leuk doilt when hunger knaw,
He'll be ſu' weil,
When ance he crams his empty maw
Wi gude Ait-meal.

When ſturdy countra' lads, I trow,
Wi' this plain food did weel their mou'
It len's them pith to haud the plow,
Or threſh wi' flail,
The doughtyeſt wark they can gae thro',
Wi' gude Ait-meal.

See Jenny wi' her cockernony,
Gawn cheek for chow wi' countra Johnny,
Her roſy cheek might tempt right mony
A kiſs to ſteal;
And what is't gars her blink ſae bonie
But gude Ait-meal?

E'en gin ye want to drink a drap
O' ſomething for to ſyne your crap,
Tho' but cauld water be your hap',
Or ſome ſma' ale,
Fling ye a nieve-fou' i' the cap
O' gude Ait meal.

Wi' ſome nice gabs there's nought can 'gree,
But that weak Indian traſh ca'd Tea:
Right ſen'il do they ever prie,
Or gab regale,
Wi' what wad pleaſe baith you an' me—
Our gude Ait-meal.

There's little pith in ſic het water,
It ſhams fok' aff wi' clitter, clatter;
Wi' ſupping Tea they'll ne'er be fatter
Faith I ſe be bail,
Were it nae for the needed butter
And gude Ait-meal.

The land o' cakes has famous been
For doughty, warlike chiels, I ween:
As ſturdy lads as e'er were ſeen,
Baith ſtrong an' hale:
What made them at the battle keen
But gude Ait-meal?

I think I mauna here neglect
To name a ſouth-land loon *—What-reck
Had we a rape about his neck
We'd gaur him ſqueel,
Becauſe he ſhaw'd ſae ſma' reſpect
To gude Ait-meal.

His pride ſhou'd nae mair prompt to lie,
Eithly we'd fin' a gud Scots Tree †,
Like Haman's gallows, might it be,
An' by the Deil,
He ſhou'd be hang'd on't ere he prie
Our gude Ait-meal.

And here we'd let the glutton rot,
Wi' this, in mickle letters wrote,
(An' wi' an auld, toom paritch-pot
Hung to his heel:)
Sic be the end o' ilka ſot
Wha ſlights *Ait-meal!*

Gin ye're forfoghten, an' want a nap,
Tak' ye ſome paritch in a cap,
Wi" milk or ale a dainty drap,
Ye canna' fail
To ſnoove a' night as ſoun's a tap,
Wi' gude Ait-meal.

* Dr. Samuel Johnſon, in his Engliſh Dictionary, defines Oats to be food for the horſes in England, but for the people in Scotland.

† In his tour thro' Scotland he aſſerts that a good tree is ſuch a rarity there, that it might be expoſed as a ſhow.

A' ye wha'd fain wiſh to live lang,
Faſh wi' nae druge or faith ye're wrang!
But whan ye hunger need to bang,
Hame or a'-fiel',
Keep this in min'——your wame to pang
Wi' gude Ait-meal.

I needna faſh to mak a faird——
Wha gets Ait-meal is right weel-fair'd:
And trouth-atweel, altho' our Laird
Lo'es lamb and veal,
E'en they'll no ſtan' to be compar'd
Wi gude Ait-meal.

May Scotia's bairns ne'er need to fear
The want o' this plain healthfu' gear;
But routh o't hae frae year to year,
An' whan they're frail,
Comfort their hearts wi' ſiccan chear
As gude Ait-meal.

W. R.

GLASGOW, Oct. 7, 1785.

ABSENCE.

INSCRIBED TO A

LADY.

O'ER the high cliff when clouds tempeſtuous ſweep,
And the hoarſe billows murmur from below;
Silent the while my vigil ſeat I keep,
And drown my languid eyes in briny woe:

I gaze unceaſing on the foaming ſea,
Whoſe angry waves divide my ſoul from thee,
And feel perturbed as the reſtleſs main,
That this ſwoln heart muſt court repoſe in vain.

When the dread ſpirit of the tempeſt reigns,
And vivid lightnings fire the ambient air;
My tremb'lous boſom owns augmented pains,
And parts in thee to preſs its darling care:

In thee, far gone, abſorb'd is every fear,
And ſtreams for thee, th' involuntary tear,
The aerial warfare links each powerful chain,
And my ſwoln heart ſtill courts repoſe in vain.

When on the fractur'd coaſt the breezes play,
  Deceptious Hope then waſts thee to the ſhore;
And bright-ey'd Fancy meets thee on thy way,
  From theſe fond arms to part at length no more!

But ah! too ſoon the dear deluſion fades,
And Reaſon's voice my chilling ſoul pervades;
I feel each ſtern in quietude remain,
And my ſwoln heart ſtill courts repoſe in vain.

When the mild radiance of the cloſing day,
  Invites to village gambols on the green,
And the young minſtrels, pair'd upon the ſpray,
  Give their ſweet warblings to the ſportive ſcene:

Remote I ſtray: for Oh! while torn from thee,
The rural throng retains no charms for me,
In ſome far ſolitude I vent my pain,
And my ſwoln heart ſtill courts repoſe in vain.

When in the midnight ſolitary hour,
  Even miſ'ry's tears have ceas'd a while to flow;
My greater grief reſiſts each opiate power,
  Nor owns one kind obliviate of woe:

Thy viſionary form then meets mine eyes,
And o'er my ſoul extatic raptures riſe;
I wake, and ah! ſtern truth returns again,
And my ſwoln heart ſtill courts repoſe in vain.

When o'er the tomb my feeble frame declines,
And waits expectant of the deſtin'd blow,
Ere my poor ſhade her conſcious clay reſigns,
And Death's cold hand has ſtretch'd my ſorrows low:

'Tis all I aſk, thy guardian ſaint to be,
That my fond ſpirit ſtill may dwell with thee;
Then I ſhall looſe each ſoul-corroding pain,
And my ſwoln heart ne'er court repoſe in vain.

ON SOLITUDE.

" Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus."

TO nations far remote the Lord of day
Now lends his chearful light; his parting beam
Yet lines with purple, and celestial gold,
The cloud high tow'ring from the Atlantic deep.
From eastern climes, how peaceful and sedate,
In sober majesty, pale night steals on!
And o'er gay nature's sweetly vary'd face,
Deep shading all, her sable mantle throws!
Congenial silence on her solemn steps
Obsequious waits, and thoughtful! not a breath
Disturbs the placid air; and on the bough
The leaf unquiv'ring hangs; the chrystal lake
Enjoys the happy calm, nor wears a curl
O'er all its silver surface. By her side
Sweet Contemplation walks with pensive brow,
Intently musing. Nature seems to feel
The soft impression, and sinks down to rest.
Come genius of the night! come, for the wise

Adore thy footſteps; ſweet philoſophy
Hails thy approach; for kindly thou diſpell'ſt
The noiſy follies of the buſy day,
And wak'ſt the penſive ſoul with thought ſublime;
Nor leſs the Poet loves thy friendly reign,
While wand'ring forth beneath the ſilver moon,
Illuſtrious Queen! his raviſh'd fancy glows
Warm with each tender thought, each fair idea,
And all th' enchanting harmonies of ſong.
Now while the buſy world is laid aſleep,
Inſpire my ſoul, and heighten all her pow'rs;
And while I wander through theſe ſolemn ſcenes,
Point out new beauties to my mental eye.
How ſweetly gay is yon cerulean ſpace,
Inlaid with all the beauteous gems of heav'n,
Set by thy mighty hand, Father of Light,
And love and beauty! In the dawn of time
Thou formedſt nature's univerſal frame,
Moulding its ev'ry part with ſovereign ſkill.
The golden ſun, bright maſs of vivid fire!
Thou faſhion'dſt in the hollow of thine hand.
Around the centre, thy omnific word,
The ſtarry orbs in beauteous order hung,
And bade the planets know their various ſpheres,
Impoſed thoſe laws by which the harmony
Of nature is preſerved. Then to thy will
Obſequious, in majeſtic ſolemn ſtate
Firſt mov'd the grand machine, and by thy breath
Divine inſpir'd, has moved ever ſince,

Inceſſant travelling in the glorious round.
Where'er I caſt my raviſh'd eyes abroad,
The ſolemn ſcenes to ſolemn thoughts invite:
The riſing miſts thick'ning around the hills,
Diffuſe their ſable heads; o'er all the plains
The lively green ſinks into deepeſt ſhade,
And mute are all the ſongſters of the day:
How ſweetly awful is the pleaſant gloom!
Where o'er the dewy field yon ſpreading oaks
Stretch wide their aged boughs! how graceful theſe!
While at this ſolemn hour the proſtrate world
Unconſcious lies, and the mad ſons of riot
Purſue the midnight revel, oft let me
With all the bleſs'd tranquility of mind,
Which innocence and meditation yield,
To ſuch delightful ſolitude repair,
And to its ſweet enthuſiaſtic joys
Give all my raviſh'd ſoul: Oft let me riſe
On contemplation's ever ſoaring wing,
Above mortality and life's low cares,
To talk with angels. Oft let fancy ſtretch
Her boundleſs flight to regions unexplor'd:
And through ideal worlds delighted range,
Happy in her own gay creation's charms.
Bleſs'd Soſitude! a thouſand joys are thine
The gen'rous great deſign; the noble thought;
The feeling heart; the boundleſs ſocial wiſh;
The wide embrace which graſps the works of God
With univerſal love; peaceful and calm,

With thee fair virtue evermore remains,
And sacred Wisdom makes her blest abode.
Thrice lovely pair! blest ornaments of Heav'n,
Your happy paths let me for ever tread,
Unweary'd follow where you point the way,
And all your footsteps reverently adore.

LIBBE,
Aug. 27, 1792.

S. W. W. M.

THE

DISTRESSED VILLAGER.

YE gentle ſouls who dream of rural eaſe,
Whom the ſmooth ſtream and ſmoother ſonnets pleaſe;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praiſes ſhare,
Go look within, and aſk if peace be there:
If peace be his—that drooping weary ſire
Of their's, that offſpring round their feeble fire,
Or her's, that matron pale, whoſe trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand.
Nor yet can time itſelf obtain for theſe
Life's lateſt comforts, due reſpect and eaſe;
For yonder ſee that hoary ſwain, whoſe age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude ſtaff, looks up to ſee
The bare arms broken from the withering tree;
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftieſt bough,
Then his firſt joy, but his ſad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the ruſtic trade,
His ſteady hand the ſtraiteſt furrow made;
Full many a prize he won; and ſtill is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allowed;

A tranſient pleaſure ſparkles in his eyes,
He hears and ſmiles, then thinks again and ſighs.
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich diſdains him; nay, the poor diſdain;
Alternate maſters now their ſlave command,
And urge the efforts of his feeble hand;
Who, when his age attempts its taſk in vain,
With ruthleſs taunts of lazy poor complain.
Oft may you ſee him, when he tends the ſheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in ſnow;
When rouz'd by rage, and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.
"Why do I live, when I deſire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in Spring, the young are blown away,
Without the ſorrows of a ſlow decay;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the froſt, and ſhivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow ſwains are gone;
Then, from the riſing generation thruſt,
It falls, like me, unnotic'd to the duſt.
Theſe fruitful fields, theſe numerous flocks I ſee,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Slow in their gifts, but haſty in their words.
Wants of their own demand their care, and who
Feels his own want, and ſuccours others too?

A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid.

Thus groan the old, till by disease oppress,
They take a final woe, and then they rest.

TO AN

EOLIAN HARP.

SURE, 'tis a voice divine that wakes yon ſtring,
And calls the power of Muſic from her cell,
Bids her unlock her moſt melodious ſprings,
And make each tone with choiceſt ſweetneſs ſwell!

Hark! in yon diſtant note, what ſoftneſs dwells!
Attention, breathleſs, ſits to catch the ſound,
While fancy's hand unbinds her ſecret ſpells,
And all her airy viſions float around.

Come ye, whoſe breaſts the tyrant ſorrows own,
Around this breathing harp obedient throng;
Here, all your woes ſhall meet an anſwering tone,
And here the plaint that does to each belong.

Solemn and ſlow yon murm'ring cadence rolls,
'Till on th' attentive ear it dies away,
To your fond griefs reſponſive; ye, whoſe ſouls
O'er friends juſt loſt affection's tribute pay.

But hark! in regular progreſſion move
Yon ſilver ſounds, and mingle as they fall;
Do they not wake thy trembling nerves, Oh, Love!
And into warmer life thy feelings call?

Again it ſounds, but ſhrill and ſwift the tones
In wild diſorder ſtrike upon the ear;
Pale Frenzy liſtens, kindred wildneſs owns,
And ſtarts appall'd the well-known ſounds to hear—

But e'en the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
In mute delight the vocal wires attend;
Silent, they catch the ever varying ſtrain,
And, pleas'd, the vacant toils of mirth ſuſpend.

So when the lute, on Memnon's ſtatue hung,
At day's firſt riſing ſtrains melodious pour'd,
Untouch'd by mortal hands, the gathering throng
In ſilent wonder liſten'd, and ador'd.

But, ah! moſt welcome to ſoft Fancy's ear,
Is the wild cadence of theſe trembling ſtrings;
At the ſweet ſound ſhe calls her ſpirits near,
And waves in ſmiling joy her painted wings.

Sometimes, ſhe whiſpers that the melting ſtrains
Spring from th' angelic choir in bright array,
Bearing on radiant clouds to yon blue plains,
A ſoul juſt parted from its mould'ring clay;

And oft at eve, her bright creative eye
Sees to the wind their silken pinions stream,
While on the quiv'ring trees soft breezes sigh,
And thro' the leaves discloſe the moon's pale beam.

Oh, breathing inſtrument! be ever near,
When to the penſive muſe my vows I pay;
Thou inſpiration on thy wires canſt bear,
And bid each feeling own her potent ſway.

Then oft from buſy crowds, o'erjoy'd, I'll ſteal,
To where my hand has raiſ'd thy tuneful ſhrine,
There from thy varying tones I'll learn to feel,
And, ſweet inſpirer! aſk no aid but thine!

EMMA.

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS TO THE RIVER LEVEN,

WAS WRITTEN BY THE

Rev. JAMES GLASS, A. M.

WHEN A BOY AT SCHOOL.

CEASE gentle Leven, ceaſe to flow,
Thy ſtreams encreaſe my grief,
Thy daiſy banks, tho' fair they bloom,
No more afford relief.

Can cryſtal waves, or blooming fields,
  Aſſuage the keeneſt ſmart,
Diſpel the gloom of hopeleſs love,
  Or heal the bleeding heart?

Yet will I ſeek thy flow'ry banks,
  Where ſoft thy waters fall;
Dear are the ſcenes which loves of youth
  To memory recall.

When firſt amoag thy yellow broom,
  I ſaw MYRTILLA ſtray,
Sweet were her ſmiles as purple heath,
  Her cheeks as roſes gay.

But why, MYRTILLA, did you ſmile,
  To fill my breaſt with pain?—
Or if you ſmil'd, why did you not
  In pity ſmile again?

Then, gentle LEVEN, let thy ſtreams
  In plaintive murmurs flow,
And from thy groves, thy dying gales,
  Soft whiſp'ring breathe my woe.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LASSIE.

IN IMITATION OF THE

YELLOW-HAIR'D LADIE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GLASS, A.M.

MY yellow-hair'd laſſie is bonie and gay,
She's blithe as the linnet and blooming as May;
But why my dear Peggy, wi' looks ſu' of ſcorn,
Do you meet your ain Sandy baith evening and morn?

I pow'd the white gowans, and vi'lets ſae blue,
I gather'd freſh cowſlips to gi' them to you;
But ſwift did they wither, their beauty they tyne,
For ſoon you refus'd them, becauſe they were mine.

My flocks may then wander and gang whar they will,
Nae mair on my pipe will I play o'er the hill;
But iry and dowie I'll ſit by the Burn,
And never to Peggy again will return.

But Peggy's ſae bonie, ſhe ſtill has my heart,
I wiſh to forget her, but vain is my art;
For ſtill ſhe ſteals on me, Love hides in her wiles,
Tho' abſent, as preſent, my thoughts ſhe beguiles.

The heather on muir-lands, and broom on the know,
And ſweet ſcented willows by Leven that grow,
Still make me think on her, and bring to my mind,
The days when my Peggy to me did prove kind.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

By Mrs. RADCLIFFE.

IN the ſightleſs air I dwell,
On the ſloping ſun beams play,
Delve the cavern's inmoſt cell,
Where never yet did day-light ſtray.

Dive beneath the green ſea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps,
Skim ev ry ſhore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's ſteeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's ſhadowy zone,
Follow the day-ſtar's flaming courſe
Through realms of ſpace to thought unknown.

And liſten to celeſtial ſounds
That ſwell the air, unheard of men,
As oft I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody ſteeps and ſilent glen.

Under the ſhade of waving trees,
  On the green bank of fountain clear,
At penſive eve I ſit at eaſe,
  While dying muſic murmurs near:

And oft, on point of airy cliff,
  That hangs upon the weſtern main,
I watch the gay tints paſſing ſwift,
  And twilight veil the liquid plain:

Then, when the breeze has ſunk away,
  And ocean ſcarce is heard to lave,
For me the ſea-nymphs ſoftly play
  Their dulcet ſhells beneath the wave:

Their dulcet ſhells!—I hear them now,
  Slow ſwells the ſtrain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
  Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that ſilvers o'er the dew,
  And trembles through the leafy ſhade,
And tints the ſcene with ſofter hue,
  Calls me to rove the lonely glade:

Or hi'e me to ſome ruin'd tower,
  Faintly ſhown by moon-light gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my power
  In ſhadows dire that ſubſtance ſeem;

In thrilling ſounds that murmur woe,
And pauſing ſilence makes more dread;
In muſic breathing from below
Sad ſolemn ſtrains that wake the dead.

Unſeen I move—unknown am fear'd,
Fancy's wildeſt dreams I weave,
And oft by Bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

FINIS.